

1906

1906 Kooltuo

Central Washington University

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Mrs. W. W. Warner

KOOLTUO

1906





Washington State Normal School

AT ELLENSBURG

Established in 1890

Opened September 6, 1891

Building erected in 1893

The Sixteenth Year will Open September 5, 1906

Admission by diploma of an accredited high school; by certificate of standing in a reputable school of high grade; by teacher's certificate and by examination.

An examination will be held September 3 and 4, 1906.

Tuition is free to those who declare their intention to become teachers.

Registration fee, ten dollars.

Board in Ladies' Dormitory, \$3.75 per week.

The location of the school is exceptionally attractive and easily accessible; the grounds have recently been enlarged and beautified; a system of school gardens has been laid out and planted; and the interior of the building has been improved and adorned with works of art.

For a catalogue or particular information apply to THE PRINCIPAL.

Palmer Brothers

Leading Livery and
Boarding Stable



Miners' and Prospectors' Outfit For Sale or Hire

Ellensburg, Wash.

She meant to kill him with a look—
Such had been her plan,
But she, alas! was cross-eyed
And hit another man.

—Ind.

RAMSEY HARDWARE COMPANY

Plumbers

Hot-Air, Hot-Water
and Steam

Heating

Payne & Simpson

Next Door to Post Office

Anything
—Good or Bad—
To Eat

Ellensburg, Washington

THE KOOLTUO

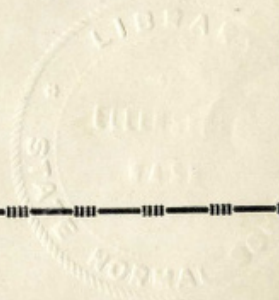
PUBLISHED BY

WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX



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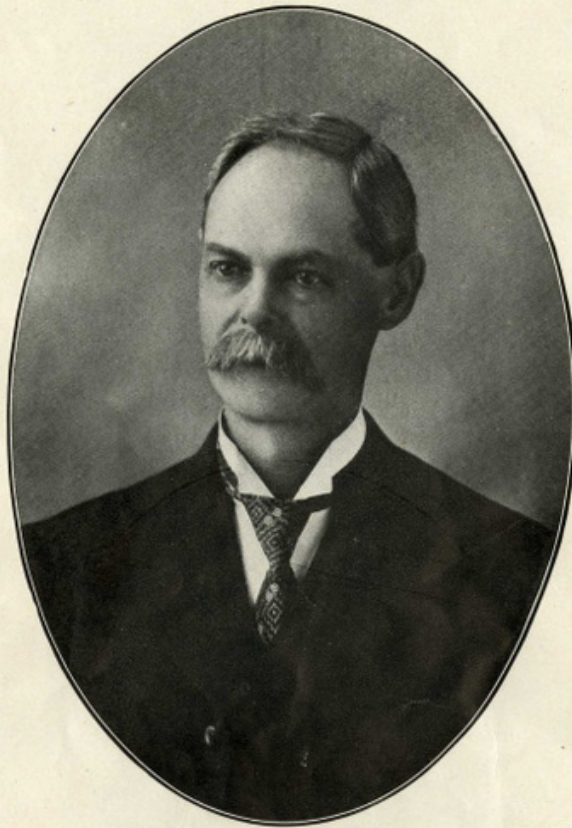
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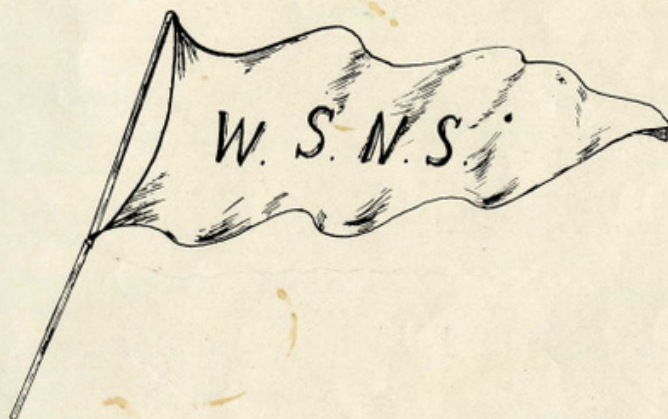
TO OUR LOVED AND RESPECTED
FRIEND AND TEACHER
PRINCIPAL W. E. WILSON
THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY
DEDICATED

1911



WILLIAM EDWARD WILSON, A.M.

School Color—Crimson



Zip-Boom-bah!
Who-ga-ha!
W. S. N. S.
Rah, rah, rah!

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In Memoriam

LAURA L. PHILLIPI

December 24, 1905

LAURA L. PHILLIPI was a member of our school during the year '04 and '05. While with us she endeared herself to all by her merry, winning ways and her keen appreciation and enjoyment of people. We recall in her a fine scorn of shams as well as her splendid unselfishness. Conscientious and faithful in her work, she entered freely into honest fun and took a full share of the life of the dormitory. In Laura Phillipi we feel that we have lost from among us a presence dear to the faculty and students, but that there remains a memory and influence, bright and helpful, that will last thru life.

The death of Mrs. Niblett's father, which occurred early in January, was one of the saddest events of our Senior year. Tho we were not personally acquainted with him, our love for Mrs. Niblett, and the fact that she is an honorary member of the class, make her loss ours thru our sympathy with her.

Editorials

THIS IS the first number of the first volume of The Kooltuo. We sincerely hope it will not be the last one. It has been undertaken by the most progressive, up-to-date, energetic class the W. S. N. S. has ever known—the class of '07. We entered upon the amusement—for Mr. Kirkpatrick says anything subjectively pleasant is amusement—with due reverence toward its responsibilities, with conservative hopes for its possibilities, with indomitable determination to make it a success, and last but not least, with a feeling that we should have sympathy and co-operation from the rest of the school. We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation of the help given to us by all the members of our beloved faculty; but especially to Prof. Wilson, who encouraged us during the mist of doubt and uncertainty at its beginning; to Prof. Morgan, whose practical advice and sympathy made ends meet; and to Dr. Harris, who is ever a source of refreshment and encouragement, and who has also aided us much in proof-reading.

THIS SCHOOL was established by Act of Legislature on the 28th of March, 1890, and designated as the Washington State Normal School. We claim it to be the oldest and best school in the state. Its equipment is the best that money can buy and out-of-doors can furnish. We are centrally located. Our situation is ideal. In the town there are few distractions, but many attractions. The building is excellent and the grounds beautiful. We have a remarkable training department. But above all we have the most able and most admirable faculty with which a school was ever blest—a faculty ready and willing, merciful and kind, true and virtuous, honorable and lovable.

Our present principal came here in 1898, from the State Normal School at Providence, Rhode Island. We will not eulogize him, for we feel that all who read this know him. But we will say one word. He loves his neighbor as himself. No one knows the school as a body or as individuals better than he; and few but can testify of help, encouragement and sympathy gained from him personally.

Our vice-principal is like unto him in character. He has spent most of his past life in untiring efforts for the cause of education in our own state and school. He has occupied the chair of mathematics for nearly thirteen years, so is now our senior teacher.

Of the other teachers we need only to say that we love them dearly, and firmly believe that they love us. We cannot begin to realize what they are doing for us; but when we have left our dear old school, to enter upon the field for which they have been jealously preparing us, we know that more and more we shall become aware of the tremendous debt we owe them.

"THE NORMAL SCHOOL—pooh—a place for teachers and pedagogs, old maids and bachelors." This, the sentiment of young people taught in the backwoods of civilization by old Miss Hannah Grinsbee, age 48, and Mr. Alexander Madison Plunkett, a little older. And if this myth has not found lodgment in the brain of the youth, another, equally bad and unfounded, is sometimes discovered. "A school of method, with practical common sense in the cellar."

Deluded generation! Why, yes, of course, there are some old-maid teachers, but that is not their fault. How could it be otherwise when the ratio is almost 16 to 1 in favor of the feminines, where polygamy is unlawful, and where, of course,

few will marry below their class? But, my dear reader, if you think this school a place for old maids, just step into the gymnasium any recess period. There you will see the fairest of the fair—and a few of the bravest of the brave!

The second fairy tale, however, has a little more foundation. We do have some method work. Ways and means are suggested to us—which is more than can be said of many of those practical business schools. But the fundamental axiom of all teaching is, "Know what you are going to teach before you find out how to teach it." Even when this is accomplished we are not given a formula or carefully worked out theory to follow in our teaching. Indeed, the absence of such often staggers the uninitiated student. Instead of answering the question, "How are we to teach a subject to a child?" the child's mind is opened up to us and human nature is explained; with this on the one hand and knowledge on the other, the "how" is left a question to be answered only by the individual and dependent on that one's peculiar environment. Of course there are some general universal principles, which have been worked out by careful observation and experiment of the greatest modern educators, which are studied—practically—in the school. But as has been said before, the training of the teacher aims to reveal to him a truer, clearer, more perfect understanding of the child—physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

Now what is there in this which is special, which is useless, except to teachers? What vocation loses because of a knowledge of human nature? In how much is an occupation made less profitable because those who engage in it understand men? Nothing.

No. The Normal School is not a school of method and specialization. We take pupils from the eighth grade and in six years they have a standing which will admit them to the Junior Year of the State University; or from the High School, and in two years give them the same standing. Here their hearts and minds are broadened. Taking them as school children, anxious to become great, wise and happy, loving each other and their school, we send them out with their desire for self-improvement and happiness, changed to an eagerness to give to the world, to uplift humanity and to serve their God.



AS AMERICANS we claim great literature, as English-speaking people the greatest in the world. Our literature is read by more people than any other—dead languages excepted—but probably by fewer foreigners. We might also say that among the English-speaking people there is a great number of people who do not read it. Why? Principally because our spoken language is so different from our written. Maybe two-thirds of the words are spelled the way they sound; the other third any "outlandish" way. For instance, such words as man, horse, experiment, musical, dogma, electric, etc., are spelled as they are pronounced, and hence are rarely misspelled. But when such words as clique, unique, receive, tired, Wednesday, etc., are required, most of us have to stop and see the word, or think of some rule or exception to some rule, before we venture to spell it.

It is mainly because of this fact, this complication in our spelling system, that so many people are called illiterate. Because a man uses his ear and common sense, and writes "business" "b-i-s-n-e-s," people draw away from him and have as little to do with him as possible. Because a child is given such a word as "meadow" to spell, and spells it "m-e-d-o," he is kept in after school, forced to warp his sense of fitness to comply with arbitrary incongruous rules; has his faith in naturalness badly shaken up; and what is most unfortunate, wastes precious hours of his childhood, which otherwise might have been spent out of doors winning the rights of man given in Adam's charter.

The cause for this confusion has long been recognized to be the wonderful way in which so many words are constructed. To meet this difficulty wonderful rules have been formed—rules whose exceptions are as numerous as their applications. But this method has proved wonderfully useless. Only by setting apart a half hour each day for spelling lessons, and having spelling lessons in connection with every subject in the curriculum, is it possible to make respectable spellers out of most children.

So, finally, our leading educators and literary men have gone straight to the point and have begun a system to "simplify" spelling. Already ten words have been accepted by the public in their simplified form, and a board known as the Simplified Spelling Board has drawn up and circulated a list of three hundred more. Most of us, being poor spellers, are glad to see this little leak in the dike of conventionality, and few will try to stick their finger in the crack and stand up all night to save it; for, if the dike breaks, all will be easy sailing.

The Kooltuo has watched this movement eagerly, and has been among the first to accept the modified words. But we have gone further. Being disappointed in not finding several words, which we recommended to the Board for simplification in their list, we have taken upon ourselves the responsibility of presenting them to the public. And in so doing we have chosen a rather unique method. Instead of making a list of words and printing it separately—which would have been too great a shock to most people—we have sprinkled them thru our book, sometimes spelling them the old way, sometimes the new, thinking thus better to get your impartial opinion, and to show you the sense of the one way and the nonsense of the other.



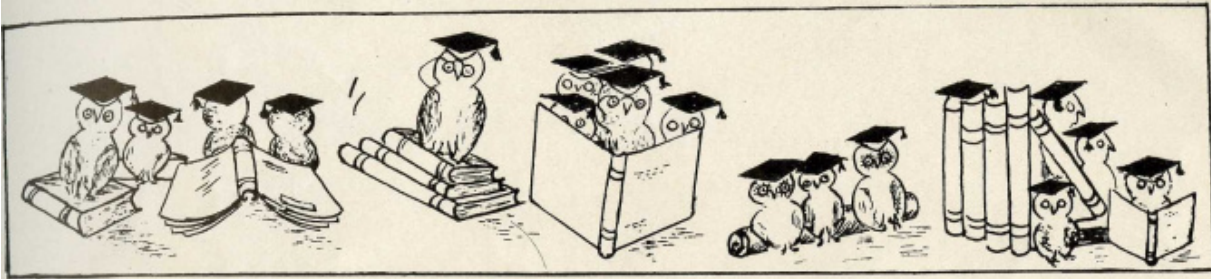
IN THE midst of preparing our material for the press, comes the news of the awful disasters in California—the earthquakes, the tidal waves, the fires—which left a city of 300,000 people in confusion and panic; the day showing an increasing wreck and horror; the night covering the helpless city with blackness, thus doubling the dangers from nature's fury and adding those of plunder, rapine and murder.

Such calamities cannot pass any of us without making us feel our littleness, the utter insignificance of our efforts, and the Almighty Power of Him who controls all things. We cannot understand these things. We cannot see their wisdom. We have not near the wide horizon line, nor the high view point to rejoice in them. We call them untimely, unfortunate, calamitous. We pity that such things should ever occur, but we dare not say: "This should not have happened."

The Kooltuo wishes to express its heartfelt sympathy to all those in the school, who, by these awful events, have sustained loss and suffered pain. And to the two sister schools of Berkeley and Stanford we extend sincere sympathy and commiseration in the disasters befallen them. They have been the leading schools of the West, and by their misfortune we are all afflicted. We have sent to each school members of our own and thus feel that we are sharers in their glory; and now sharers in their sorrow. Finally, we give sympathy to all who have been afflicted in any way by these events and whom we have been powerless to help. We give them what we are able to give financially and mentally. In their loss we feel for them, and in their brave struggles to overcome their ruin, we encourage and applaud them.



CLASSES



Senior Class

CLASS OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	ALMA BISHOP
<i>Vice-President</i>	CECIL PETERSON
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	MARTHA DAVIS

MOTTO: AMORE, MORE, ORE, RE.
Color: Crimson and white.
Flower: Red carnation.
Yell: Rah, rah, rah!
 Rah, rah, rix!
 We're the class
 Of naughty-six!

'06

The Class of naught six is a class very bright,
 They study all day until late in the night;
 Are said to be good at their books, none are fakes,
 And bright in the things that each one undertakes.
 A bright red '06 no one dares to ignore,
 Will prove it—behold them on walks and on door.
 Just watch this fine class and so model your ways,
 You'll always go right, and right always pays.



Our Alma's hair is pure gold,
And to her has never been sold;
Of our class she is president,
And of Ellensburg resident,
But she's soon to leave us we're told.

There is a young lady named Frances,
Who plays for all of our dances,
She also writes well,
As Miss Harris can tell,
And our hearts she has won with her glances.

Miss Vera a-riding will go,
In the sun or the rain or the snow,
Behind those fast greys
In buggies or sleighs,
There's nothing about it that's slow.

Oh, have you heard of Miss West,
Who is quieter than all the rest?
But she doesn't tell lies,
And she never makes eyes,
And we'll prove it who know her the best.

A cracker-jack poet is Lola,
Her music is like the viola,
Her rhythm and rhyme
Are always in time
And in genius she rivals E. Zola.

A Senior named Jennie, you know,
In a long blue coat used to go.
Her complexion is fair,
And dark is her hair,
In the sixth grade she taught long ago.

There is a young student named Chapin,
Who works while others are schlapin',
She never retires
'Til Phoebus' red fires
Above the horizon are crapin'.

There is a small Matrimonial Primer,
Which belongs to this tall and slim rhmyer;
Her name it is Maude,
By all else she's boahed,
But then she's not yet an old-timer.

There was a young maiden named Davis,
Of all Senior damsels the bravest,
For as treasurer she
Kept account carefully,
And the money she put where 'twas safest.

Who has basket-ball on the brain?
'Tis Elsie, of national fame;
With a ball in her hand
She's born to command,
And she goes like a young hurricane.

Do you know our blue-eyed Maisie?
She's sweet as a mountain daisie,
She sings like a lark,
And knows how to spark,
And at both she never is lazie.

Gertie Link has a liking for homes,
As over the city she roams.
But, says she, "Barring farms
I could learn to love Barnes,
Even without any high fancy domes."

There is a young teacher named Flora,
And the children all do adore-a,
She taught music and hist'ry,
But how, 'tis a mist'ry,
But all they ask for is more-a.

When Marion's shoulders do wriggle,
The rest of us all start to wiggle;
It's nonsensical chaff,
But we all have to laugh
At the catching effect of her giggle.



The Senior
Girl

Now Flora again comes to view,
(Of Miss Salladay I'm speaking to you);
Tho the class has no Roses,
There's no lack of poses,
But of Floras the Seniors have two.

There is a sweet maiden named Jessie,
She writes, but it's never an essie;
With the Muses she strives
And finally arrives
With a song that is equal to "Tessie."

A dear little maiden named "Pete,"
Made candy that couldn't be beat;
When asked how 'twas done,
She said just for fun,
"I put in only my looks which are sweet."

A curly young girl named Schoeraffe,
Went to ride on a long-necked giraffe;
Cried she, "The commotion
Of this critter's motion
Is enough to make anyone laugh."

TO OUR SCHOOL

Tune: Vive La Compagnie.

I.

Come cheerful companions, unite in our song:
Here's to the school we love!
May heaven continue its life to prolong!
Here's to the school we love!
Our school spirit deepens whenever we sing,
When wide o'er the campus our class yells we ring:
Here's to our school!
Here's to our school!
Here's to the school we love!

II.

And here's to the faculty faithful and true,
Here's to our faculty!
Their beautiful lives are for me and for you,
Here's to our faculty!
May they all think it pleasure to stay,
Altho we are forced to go far away.
Here's to the faculty!
Here's to the faculty!
Here's to the faculty we love!

III.

Here's to the students, the great and the small,
Here's to the students we love!
May they never be late to respond to roll-call;
Here's to the students we love!
May we never forget the friends we have made,
Nor the many hard tasks we were so afraid;
Here's to the students!
Here's to the students!
Here's to the students we love!

The Junior Class Cap Affair

THE JUNIOR and Senior Classes, having profited by the experience of former years, have concluded that peace is more enjoyable than war, and for this reason evidences of class spirit have been somewhat wanting. What little excitement we have had has been created with the right spirit, and we are glad to say, has been taken in the same way.

The most exciting incident that has occurred is the "Junior Class Cap Affair." One night shortly after our Christmas vacation, when the Seniors were all at the Library, they began to wonder if the Juniors were not getting tired of waiting so long for the arrival of their caps, and, thinking it a good chance to do a good, kind, neighborly act, for which they were ever in readiness, they at once set about to construct the headgear, and, in a short time, forty-two beautiful caps were completed. Now, since the Seniors desired it to be a complete surprise, the most difficult thing was to decide where to conceal them until the time of delivery. Many places, such as behind the books, on top of the shelves, children's cloak-rooms, ninth grade room, etc., were suggested, but no satisfactory place of concealment could be found until our ever faithful Mrs. Niblett appeared just in time (as usual) to offer her room and key, which proved to be the most convenient place possible.

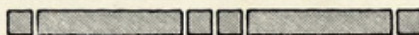
The next morning in assembly, Prof. Wilson read among other announcements the following:

"The Junior class caps have arrived, and the same may be obtained by calling upon their class teachers at once."

The last words had hardly been spoken when two Seniors entered the stage and placed in front of Miss Thomas and Miss Wilcox a pile of caps on which were brilliantly painted "'07." The caps were about two feet in height and shaped somewhat like a cone (it is barely possible that some of you have seen such worn by small children standing in the corner of a school-room, with their faces to the wall). When the '07 class president had time to collect his senses, he marched up and delivered the caps, which he and his appreciative classmates wore all day.

We can't exactly account for it, but the shape seemed to just suit each member's particular style of beauty, and in fact, to add to that distinguished class the needed finishing touch. But the strangest thing about it all is, that as the Juniors did not take any extra pains to let the Seniors know that they had sent for the caps, it should nevertheless be found out, and it is still the great mystery in their minds.

HOW DO THE SENIORS FIND OUT SO MANY THINGS?



The Sleighing Party

Oh! the joys of the winter and snow,
When the Seniors a-sleighbg did go,
Tucked in their straw nests,
The warmest and best,
Where none had a chance to be cold!
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! the joys of the snow,
When the Seniors a-sleighbg did go!

What an ideal evening, and in what a splendid condition were the roads on a certain January evening when the boys drove up to the Dormitory, with a bob full of hay and warm robes! What fun getting settled and finding room for the numerous pairs of feet! Finally, with what whoops and jingling of bells did the horses start up, and the sleigh glide over the glistening snow, not, however, before one and all had heard Mrs. Arthur's parting words, "Twelve P. M., no later."

The ride was enjoyed by large and small, and the college songs rang out clear and musical on the frosty air. No one was cold; no one minded bearing a resemblance to the "sardine;" no one objected in the least to having some one sit on his feet, not even when those worthy members succumbed to the wiles of Morpheus. It goes without saying, that the appetites were sharp, and all did justice to the most delicious of lunches served at the pretty country home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Stevens.


After some music the ride was resumed, two more horses being added to the team, making six in all. With more and heartier hurrahs the sleigh started off again; but alas, went only a few yards when snap went a bolt—the inevitable breakdown had arrived. This obstacle was soon overcome, and the ride resumed. After a few more breakdowns and a couple of hours of delightful riding, the sleigh drew into Thorp, where a short time was spent watching some gallant swains and lassies "tread the light fantastic toe."

Then began the finding of places again in the sleigh, which appeared, for some reason or other, to have shrunk during their absence. Finally all were settled and the homeward journey begun. Then, and then only, did the words, "Twelve P. M., no later," flash thru many minds, but their sojourn there was short, for the hands already pointed to eleven P. M. All settled down and enjoyed every minute of the homeward trip, tho a few more breakdowns did occur. "But all's well that ends well," and the sleigh slid across the railroad track safe and sound in the early hours of the "morning after." The ride was nearly at an end, and as each girl was dropped off at her home, very sincere were her thanks to the worthy gentlemen who had planned so pleasant an evening. How little did it worry the Dormitory girls that the clock was striking two as the nearly empty bob drew up at the Dorm. How little did it worry them, that they would get only three hours sleep, and must appear at their posts as usual at nine o'clock, and "lead the youthful mind along the paths of knowledge." They, one and all, had spent a most delightful evening, and what mattered else?


"O the joys of the winter and snow,
When the Seniors a-sleighbg did go!"

Senior Box Party

Among the many good times we Seniors have had this year, the box party given us by Dr. Harris and Miss Grupe on the evening of January thirty-first has a pre-eminent place. The play "Virinius" was presented by Louis James and most deeply enjoyed by every one. The tragedy plunged us into serious thot; but the gay time afterwards, at the home of Mrs. Gray lifted us out of the depths and put the final touch to a perfect evening.




On January twenty-fifth, when one of our number had finished her course and was ready to go out and help teach the rising citizens of our nation, we, who were not ready to bear upon our shoulders our life calling, invited in our class teachers for a jollification over Lucile's success. The dormitory dining hall was transfigured into a cosy reception room; and soon after the arrival of the guests, delicious odors were pouring forth from the kitchen and the chafing dishes, such as alone could prove the domestic charms of some of our number. Conversation and chocolate, fortune-telling and candy, were enjoyed until a late hour; for we were all glad with Lucile that she was still to be a dormitory girl, even tho she was going to begin her active work as a teacher.



Senior Reception

One of the most pleasant functions of the year happened on the evening of February seventeenth, when the Seniors gave their reception for the faculty and students, at the dormitory. The color scheme of the decorations for the evening was red and white, the class colors. This was also carried out in the dining room, where refreshments of ice cream, wafers and candies were served. One could almost imagine himself in the land of the "Lotus-eaters" as he entered and climbed the stairs amid the profusion of ivy and flowers, while the strains of music from the violin and guitar were wafted out to him. Standing near the door of the reception room was Miss Bishop (our Senior president), who, assisted by Dr. Harris, Mrs. Niblett, Miss Grupe, Dr. Munson and Mr. Morgan (the class teachers), received the guests. All were made to forget themselves in the merry laughter and talk, and the guests went away feeling that they had spent an enjoyable evening, and that the "Senior Reception" was a brilliant success.



It was the pleasure of the Senior class and Senior teachers to be informally entertained by Professor and Mrs. Morgan Friday evening, April twentieth. As each one entered she was presented with red and white carnations, thus carrying out the class colors. Our host and hostess dispensed with all formality and entertained us at card games and guessing contests. The fact that Dr. Harris received the prize in this latter contest surprised us all, because we did not know that she had carried on a more scientific study of cats than Dr. Munson.

The color scheme was also carried out in the refreshments—and speaking of refreshments, it is whispered about in the Senior class that one of the faculty called for two plates of cakes and three cups of coffee, and another frail maiden alarmed her companions by the number of sandwiches and olives she consumed.

At midnight the neighbors were aroused by the cheering and yells of the class, which signified that the party had bidden Mr. and Mrs. Morgan good-night.

Senior Want Ads

Wanted: To know by A. B. the best brand of gum.

L. R. would like to know the address of a certain person in Ballard.

Wanted: To know the originator of the following: "Where there is light there is 'Holt'."—F. M.

Wanted: By M. E. H., a small spinning wheel.

G. L. would be glad to receive points in English at any time.

G. S. wants to know some means of keeping the boys away.

Wanted: By C. P., some sort of a patent to keep hats on.

V. R. wants to know a certain 'phone number on the west side line.

Wanted: An artistic ability.—J. W.

Flora S. wants a good remedy for chills; one that has been tried.

Wanted: A cure for stage fright.—M. C.

S. C. wants a good grade in teaching.

Wanted: To be a boy.—E. D.

Wanted: By J. N. and F. H. S., two real, nice, lovely boys; old boys need not apply.

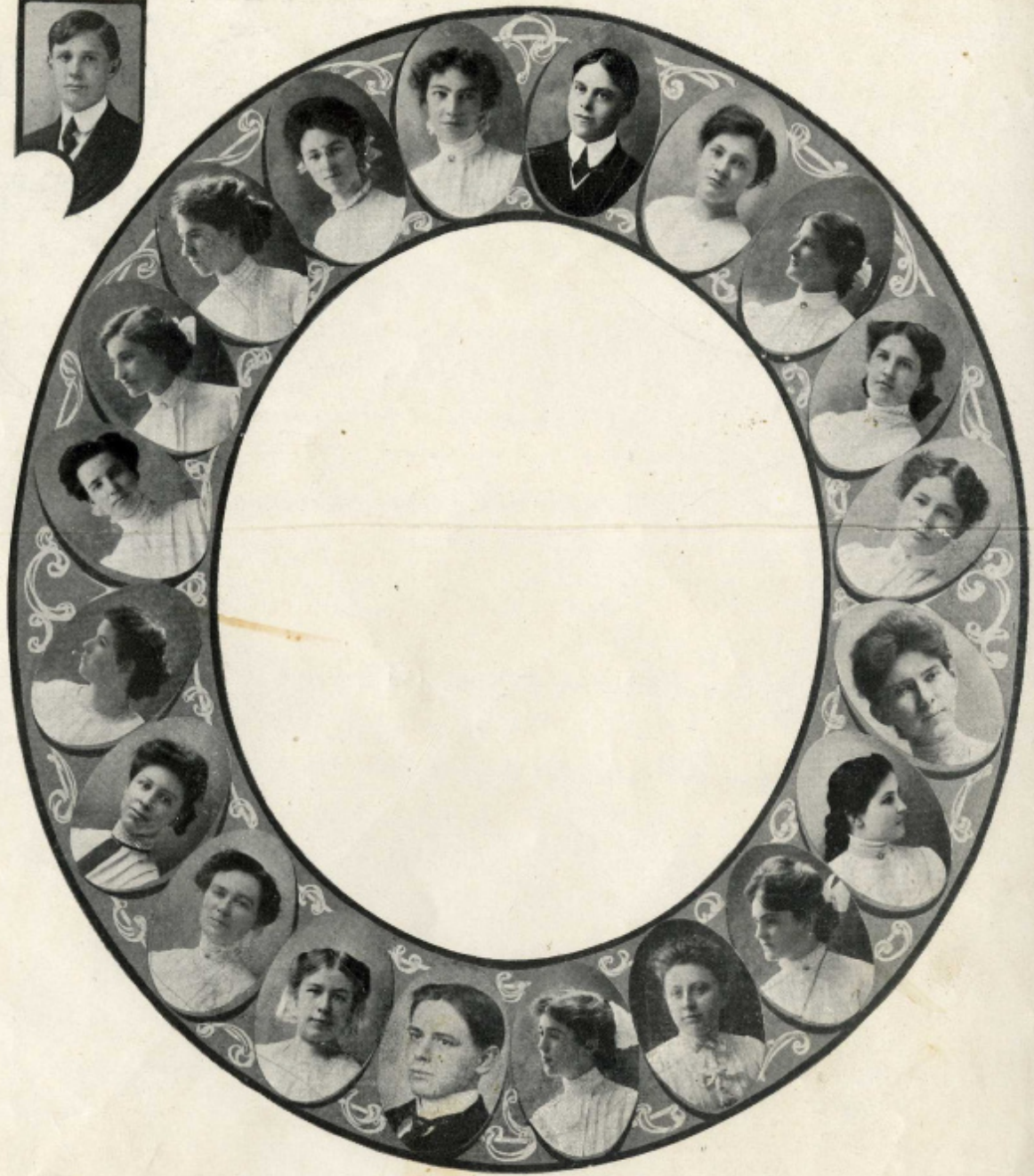
Wanted: To be tall and stately.—M. D.

Wanted: To know, by V. W., if a girl should go with a boy more than seven days in a week.



Junior





2



The Junior Class

THE JUNIOR class is composed of thirty-seven amiable and conscientious members, who make it the rule of their lives to so conduct themselves that they win the respect and esteem of the entire school.

The class officers are as follows:

<i>President</i>	STANLEY WILSON
<i>Secretary</i>	CHARLES GUIBOR
<i>Vice-President</i>	EDITH RHOADS
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN HOLBROOK

These members were elected at the beginning of the year, and did such honor to their various offices that they were unanimously re-elected for the rest of the year.

The colors, purple and white, have been the standards of the members of the class for the past three years, and have been victorious in every siege save one, and that an insignificant one. Our class yell also has advanced with our unconquerable standard—

Bif-Boom-Bang!
 Rak-a-chic-a-chang!
 Che-cum-Chi-cum,
 How-do-you-like-'um!
 Rah-Rah-Rah!
 Juniors!



Junior Proverbs

Stanley Wilson Future President of the United States.

A good listener is a welcome conversationalist.

Edith Rhoads An old maid.

The bright things we forget to say are always said before we get a chance.

Charles Guibor Father Guibor.

Slow and steady wins the race.

Helen Holbrook Somebody's Bonnie Bride.

Before vacation, work seems hard; after vacation, is is hard (except in Montana).

- Evelyn Ross* Dolly, a stage star.
It is better to seek perfection in others than see it in yourself.
- Gertrude Cunningham* A cunning school-teacher.
Work, for the night is coming; and then still work, for it is almost morning.
- Alice Crimp* A Kindergarten teacher.
The door of opportunity has no place for knockers.
- Hope Coy* Twin Hippo.
Be meek and lowly; fear not to bend thy knee.
- Howard Wallace* Edison's peer.
Invention should not rest till it finds an automatic sprinkler for the hot-air person.
- Mabel Howard* A person with lots of "Energy."
Better late than never.
- Roy Chapman* Chief Justice of "Haiti."
A Doctor of Philosophy is generally a nervous man who hasn't any.
- Annette Hitchcock* Cartoonist of the Ellensburg Dawn.
Quitting work is not resting.
- Adelia Tompkins* "Grandma."
Borrowed trouble draws compound interest.
- Frank T. Wilson* A Winner—of hearts.
A successful man may be known by the excuses he does not have to make.
- Sibyl Kyes* An Orchestral Giant.
It is more expensive to give than to receive.
- Jo Hodges* A Wife near the Glen of Lester.
In all good things, begin at the bottom; in evil ones—well, don't begin them.
- Myrtle Peck* "I ain't goin' to do nothin'."
"Pecks" of trouble may come in small packages.
- Naunerl Hill* A teacher in the gym.
Listening to scandal about people you have never heard of is a waste of time.
- Bertha McCue* "Mid the Gold-fields of Alaska."
Strive strenuously; live gently.
- Margaret Slater* A big boy's "Little woman."
When Love gets a camera that will make snap-shots by moonlight, it will be able to photograph the ideal woman.
- Norma MacDonald* "If my dear Hastings be but constant——"
Some girls can face any fate just so it is spelled without an "E."
- Loretta Salladay* Prima donna of London.
Art is long but artists are frequently short.
- Joanna Bishop* Still a bishop.
The world needs less art and more art.
- Martha Stauffer*—A minister's wife.
There is a time for everything, and everything for the one who knows how to use that time.

Mary Williams A lover of "Coffee."
 Possession is nine points of the law; self-possession is the tenth.
Ruth Shewbridge The Witty Philosopher on a Vandeville Stage.
 Only ignorance is afraid to ask questions.
Gertrude Scott Philanthropical Founder of the "Industrial Institute for Waifs."
 He is a wise holder who knows his own policy.
Grace Bigford Yet, as always, a dreamer of dreams.
 Let not thine eyes wander.
Elizabeth Drummond Founder of the "Drummond Art Institute for Dead Beats."
 Look wise; talk less.
Millicent McNeil Editor of the "Smart Set."
 Books save some people a lot of trouble.
Serita Howland Future Lady of the White House.
 The girl's "yes" may not be spoken. The eyes have it.
Edith Taylor Twin Hippo.
 It is easier to leave the wrong thing unsaid, than to unsay it.
Vira Calhoun Silent partner in a matrimonial alliance.
 The secret of perfect contentment is that there isn't any.
Fay Easterday Head of the Department of Ornithology at Vassar.
 The last hard pull gets over the hill.
Luella Rockhill Directing young minds.
 Still waters run deep.
Lillian Preston Owner of a world-renowned Carr.
 Every cloud has a silver lining.





Hallowe'en Party



Now it came to pass in those days when Stanley, whose surname is Wilson, was chief ruler of the tribe called Juniors, which in the Anglo-Saxon tongue meaneth The Mighty, that there went out a decree from Stanley that all the Juniors should gather themselves together in room fourteen. And all went, according to the decree, up into room fourteen. And Frank, whose surname is also Wilson, also went into room fourteen and made fast the door after him. And great was the wonder of the tribe which liveth next to the Juniors, to the east. One Senior, which in the Anglo-Saxon tongue meaneth Sinner, looketh unto another and sayeth, "What is the meaning of this mighty gathering?" And they marveled much.

And when Frank had made fast the door, and all had seated themselves, the chief-ruler rose up among them and in a voice that soundeth like the cooing of a dove or the croaking of a frog, said unto them:

"Dearly Beloved: I bring you tidings of great fun; Hallowe'en draweth nigh and we shall have much sport; we shall invite to our hospitable hearth much people."

And he selected from his chosen people many to act as committees. And his people were much pleased, and suddenly there went up a shout of praise, saying, "Great and good is this man whom we have chosen to rule over us!" And they fell upon his neck and kissed him and gave gifts unto him.

And great were the preparations which they made for the party, and on Hallowe'en a mighty multitude assembled at the Sanhedrin, which standeth on the hill. Many there were from the tribe of Sinners, and from the tribe known as Faculty, and of Trustees, and Third Years, and

Second Years, and even unto the tribe of First Years, which inhabit the remote corner of the Assembly.

And as the multitude, with joyous hearts, ascended unto the Golden Gate at the top of the Great Stairs, they were greeted by Saint Peter and his host; who after much deliberation and consulting of the Book of Deeds, consigned each unto his proper sphere.

And as, with heavy hearts, they betook themselves unto the lower regions of furnace room and chemical laboratory, there was bitter weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, as ghosts and witches pointed out fiery letters on the walls, and bodies, strewn around on the floor and hung on the walls (when too green to burn) and recognized as those of the tribe known as Freshmen.

Now, when they had come unto the small and narrow way which leadeth unto the gymnasium, where there was

much music and dancing, all were happy, except one from the tribe of Faculty, who was chief ruler of the Training Department, and also the chief ruler of the great tribe called Normalites, who with his wife offered gifts unto the guards to show unto them a side entrance unto the gymnasium. And in vain did the member of the tribe of Trustees who came from the land of Yakima try to assist the chief ruler of the Training Department, but each must enter upon his own merits, and in sack cloth and ashes did the members of the tribe of Faculty repent the evil of their ways.

When at last they all entered into the gymnasium there was great joy, and friend greeted friend, and there was much dancing and music and games.

And now when it drew nigh unto the twelfth hour, there was a great feast spread in one of the upper rooms, and each betook himself unto that room, and when they had feasted they betook themselves unto their several homes. And of the pumpkins and corn stalks that remained there were several basketfuls, but of the cider there was none. C. G.



The Junior Class was very pleasantly entertained Friday evening, April 20, by one of their members, Charles Guibor, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Mahan, who assisted him during the evening.

The class appeared as requested in costume, and a great amount of merriment was occasioned thereby. Four were dressed as Indians, four as Englishmen, four as Japanese, three as school girls, one as a Hollander, one as a Grecian maiden, and one as a cow girl. "Five-hundred" and "flinch" were the games of the evening and the prizes were won by Miss Rhoads and Miss Howland. The Junior teachers—Miss Thomas, Miss Wilcox and Prof. Parks were present. Delicious refreshments were served—sherbet and cake by the host and crackers and raisins by the "reds."

The guests departed at midnight; and the class yells and cheers for Mr. Guibor and Dr. and Mrs. Mahan were strong evidence that the Juniors had spent a most enjoyable evening.





Fourth Year Class



OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	FRANK X. KARRER
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	J. ETHELYN CLARK
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	NELLIE C. BURKE

Color: Yale Blue.

Yell: Wah! Wah! Wah!!
Zip! Zum! Zoar!!
W. S. N. S.
Two years more!

WE BELIEVE in standing upon nothing but a solid foundation and are opposed to the idea of being changed in our purpose by every little "puff of wind" as our sister classes are.

We believe there are certain duties which each class should devote particular attention to. First, each should play an important part in the molding of the trade-laws and customs of our Alma Mater. Second, each should aim to raise the standard of scholarship and college spirit as high as possible. Alas! how little have the First Years, Second Years and Third Years done in this direction. The Juniors, we must acknowledge, have started in the right direction, but the Seniors, who should be the very standard and model for all undergraduates, (we are very sorry indeed to make this known) actually "subtracted" from the institution as a whole. The Fourth Year Class is the only class that has worked silently and incessantly to better our Alma Mater in all respects, as it had never been done before, and of whose accomplishments we are so proud. As proof for this claim, you have only to compare our record made both in the class-room and the literary and social functions of our institution with that made by

any other class, and you will see the representatives of the Fourth Year Class always head the list and stand out without a peer.

We, the mighty class of '08, will not emulate the example of those who have gone before and who have tried hard to provoke the type metal with a burden of vain words and choke the press with vague bulks of ideas, but with our modesty will elicit the praise that is due us.

We take pride indeed in our small tho invincible band. We are only fifteen in number and with due justice compare ourselves to that little band of ancient Greeks, world renowned for their bravery, courage, perfection in art, science and above all manhood, who stood in the Pass of Thermopylae trying with all their might to hold back the great hordes of heathens, until each had perished. So we, of the class of '08, have always stayed by our duties and tasks until they have meant victory for us in every case. We are all one in the belief that "Where there is a will there is a way" and "We will find a way or make one."

For those who follow we give this advice—Brace up. Follow in the illustrious pathway WE have set before you. Altho WE realize that you can never be like US, be as nearly like US as you are able to be. For those who have gone before, WE wish to say that WE are sorry the opportunity was not given you to pattern after US; but the time is not yet too late, and you have something yet to learn from US Fourth Years. It is not too much to say that we will continue to maintain our enviable position until we pass from the W. S. N. S. to command in that greater and fiercer battle of life.



Third Year Class



"Our President," '09

Colors: Crimson and gray.

Yell: Hoky-poky! Roxy-Moxy!
We're the people smooth and foxy!
Always ready! Hot or cool!
Third Year Class of Normal School!

President	GRACE DAVIS
Secretary	NEWTON HENTON



INITIAL ROLL CALL OF THIRD YEAR CLASS.

L. F. B.	Likes Foolish Boys.
I. E. B.	Idly Eats Beans.
L. M. B.	Little Mocking Bird.
G. B. C.	Great Big Chump.
M. M. C.	Makes Much Confusion.
G. C. D.	Greatest Common Divisor.
V. B. D.	Very Beautiful Damsel.
E. F. F.	Ever Frolicking Flirt.
H. V. G.	Healthy Virtuous Giant.
N. H. H.	Never Hates Himself.
L. A. H.	Likes Ample Hats.
A. C. H.	Always Catches Hearts.
A. N. J.	Almost Never Jokes.
S. L. M.	Slightly Lazy Mortal.
E. G. M.	Easily Guided Maiden.
L. R. M.	Laughing Rollicking Mannikin.
J. G. O.	Jolly Gay Oddity.
G. R. R.	Gayly Romping Rogue.
L. A. T.	Lively Adorable Tyke.
E. V. W.	Extremely Vain Washingtonian.
C. L. W.	Changeable Little Wasp.
J. K.	Jolly Kid.

"GRATIATIA."



Third Year Class Notes

THE THIRD YEAR CLASS having considered how corrupt the condition of society rules are, decided to start a reform; and so began their first party at the respectable hour of 6:30 P. M. Having met at the entrance of the school building, they retired to the gymnasium and there indulged in the games and dancing of the evening. At 9:30 lunch was served on the movable, gray and red table; (the menu was too extensive to be mentioned here). The class then went to the home of Prof. Morgan, where the Seniors were enjoying his hospitality, and there serenaded them. The Seniors' hearty response was much appreciated by the Third Years. But when they attempted to entertain the Juniors, who were holding forth at Dr. Mahan's residence, they were completely ignored—even when the rousing Normal yell pierced their ears, and we hope their consciences. But the class continued on their way and at last reached "The Palace," where they were cordially welcomed and refreshed.

On the following Tuesday morning the Third Year Class appeared with their emblem on their breasts—two red carnations joined by a knot of gray ribbon. When roll-call came, up hopped No. 1 and stalking to the front of the assembly shouted lustily—"Hokey! Pokey! Roxey! Moxey!" etc. At the end of the first line she was followed by No. 2 doing the same thing, and so on, in a round, until the whole class was congregated in front of the rostrum. Then all together rang forth:

Hokey! Pokey! Roxey! Moxey!
We're the people smooth and foxy!
Always ready, warm or cool!
Third Year Class of the Normal School!

Then back to their seats marched the class in the opposite order from that in which they went up and closed by uniting in one more stirring yell.

A most enjoyable evening was spent by the Third Year Class at "Tom Pinch," as guest of Miss Hoffman. The entertainment and company were thoroly enjoyed and appreciated by the class and they are very grateful to Miss Hoffman for her kindness.



Sophomore Class



OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	EDYTHE HENRY
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	ELEANOR SCHUYLER
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	MARY DAVIDSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	PEARL BOSSONG
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	.	.	.	BYRL MATHEWS



I.
 'n the Normal on the hill
 Is a class that ne'er stands still,
 For they earn the E's they always get.
 The Sophomore Class is fine,
 They always toe the line
 And never have displeased their teachers yet.

II.
 Our teacher's very fair,
 The flax is like her hair,
 And her blue eyes' smile we always like to see.
 She's ever true to us,
 With her we never fuss,
 We are, together, good as we can be.

III.
 When the Sophomore Class came out,
 Did the Elementaries pout?
 Well, you should have seen the anger in their eyes,
 But the class of nineteen-ten
 Will surely be there then
 And will be, by classes after them, called Wise.

Yell:
 Rabble-dabble, rabble, dabble! rabble, dabble-do!
 How chow, how chow, how chow chew!
 Rip rap, rip rap, rip row ren!
 Sophomore! Sophomore! Nineteen-ten!



I.
p in the dim and cool retreats
Of our dear Normal School,
There roams a crew, called the Completes,
Expert in every rule.

II.
Our noble pilot, teacher dear,
Leads us thru unknown seas
Of learning, with right worthy cheer,
Duty she never flees.

III.
We have a fair-haired skipper,
So studious and good;
She'll forward guide our clipper
In all things as she should.

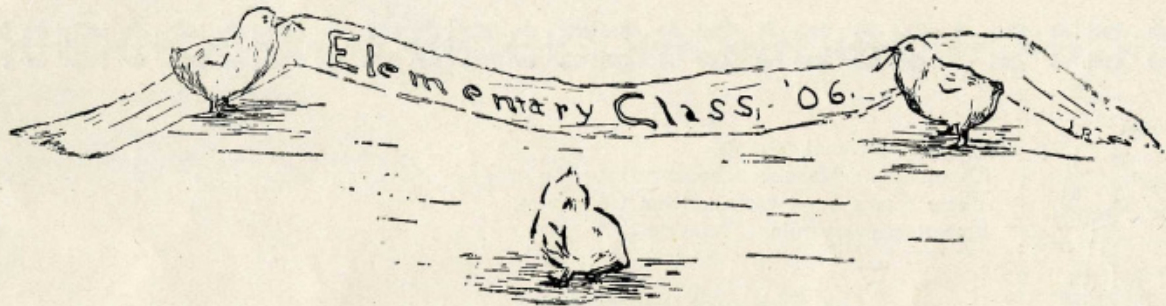
IV.
Our brave first mate, she's a dear—
She has ambitions, too;
The straight sea path she'll ever steer,
In work she has to do.

V.
Of all the others in command,
We have a word to say,—
"Round them we'll always take our stand,
Respect them every day."

VI.
So every one called a Complete
Is always in her place,
The many dangers she will meet
She's strong and brave to face.

VII.
Oh, the Completes, a jolly crew,
So sturdy and so brave!
They'll weigh their anchor, say adieu,
And meet the fiercest wave.

VIII.
Sail on, sail on, happy Completes,
Without a thot of fear.
Face with firmness, all defeats,
And skies will aye be clear.



CLASS OFFICERS.

<i>President</i>	ONA COON
<i>Vice-President</i>	MABEL ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	MYRA LEGG
<i>Treasurer</i>	VIOLET DEAN

Color: Blue and Gold.

Yell: Here! Here! Here!
We're, we're, we're,
Elementary Second Years,
Here! Here! Here!

"THE GEM OF BLUE IN THE RING OF GOLD;" OR, THE ELEMENTARIES

Our Normal School shall be the ring,
That ring of purest gold,
The Seniors and the Juniors
Whom we in reverence hold.

The Third and Fourth Years we respect,
Our elders, of course you know,
And the Sophs and Freshies may improve
As they some older grow.

Then the Elementary Class,
With the yellow rose so fair,
The class of all the Normal School
Who are willing to do and dare.

And now we've sung the praises
Of all the classes thru,
But the best that's found within our halls
Is the class of the gold and blue.

Of the gold, you know the meaning,
For you're sharers in the band,
So we'll tell you of the blue
And then you'll understand.

The blue is the sign of truth and hope,
Obedience, and love untold;
Its brightness shines as unworn it stands,
The Gem of the Ring of Gold.

M. A. & E. S.

The First Years

OFFICERS.

President	.	.	.	BLANCHE RANDOLPH
Vice-President	.	.	.	LULU HUBBARD
Secretary	.	.	.	ZELLA MUDGE

Color: White and Gold.

Flower: White Rose.

Yell: First Years! First Years! Ho! ho! ho!
Sa pi en tis i mo
Muchachos, muchachaz!
First Years! First Years! Bim, boo, baz!

FIRST YEAR CLASS SONG

We are the gay and joll, jolly Freshmen,
Our faces bright and always clean,
We never falter when we're asked a question,
But speak straight out to what we mean.

If not convinced just ask our different teachers—
They smile when we come in just one by one;
The class bell rings almost too quickly,
To get the planned out work all done.

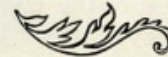
We never bang the noisy locker doors,
Nor drop our books down in the hall,
But dignified and stately as a rose
We walk around so proudly and tall.

We never do come late into Assembly,
Nor answer weakly the big roll-call,
But clear as a whistle ring our voices
Out thru the large Assembly hall.

Even the Seniors with their piping voices
Cannot be heard—their plaintive fail—
It's no wonder to us bright Freshmen,
It's just because they're very old and stale.

When we get slightly discouraged,
We seek Miss Steinbach, our friend and guide.
She brightens up our cares with sunshine
And lays discouragement aside.

We never shirk when it comes to exams,
We do our best, with faces bold.
In 1911 we'll be first-rate teachers—
So hurrah for the White and Gold!





TO THE old students, the athletic teams which the Normal has put out in the last two or three years seem inferior to the teams of five or six years ago. It is true that the members are much younger than were the boys of the earlier teams, but with the exception of last year's basket-ball team, this year's teams are, we think, superior to any that have come before them.

The increasing efficiency of our men and teams is in a large part due to the efforts and skill of Prof. Saunders, who has taken such valuable interest in our athletic work. Altho we did not have Prof. Saunders with us this year, "the good that men do lives after them," and his principles and spirit instilled in the hearts and minds of last year's players returning, has enabled them to carry on the work, not as successfully as they might have done had Prof. Saunders been here, but in a way creditable to the school and to themselves.

Those who have contested for the school in the field, and those who have helped in the training and practice, deserve all the more credit since there are enrolled in the school only twenty boys, scarcely half of whom participated in practice.

It would be a natural conclusion that athletics in our school is not flourishing or easily managed, but, for the good it does the students and the school, a mighty effort should be made to keep it up and make our teams winning teams.

Our teams cannot win without the support of our friends and the student body, and tho this support has been generally good it should be better, the numbers should be larger, the enthusiasm more spirited. The players spend many hours in hard, tiring practice before the game, in which they put forth their utmost efforts for their school's sake. Is it too much to ask that those on the side lines expend some energy, physical and vocal, for the same cause?

One of the basket-ball players was addressed by another student, after a game, with this startling statement, "Well, you have a pretty good basket-ball team." When the player had recovered he informed the other student that he had no basket-ball team but that he played on the Normal team. It is to be hoped that the next time the student mentions this team that he will say, "Our team."

Athletics



Foot Ball



To secure twelve football men out of a school of twenty boys is practically impossible. The hope for such a thing is worse than "The dream of the dreamer who dreams he was dreaming about a dream."

However, as the Ellensburg High School is in much the same condition concerning football as the Normal, it has been the custom to join forces when it comes to this branch of athletics. We, following the custom of our ancestors, have perfected an organization with the E. H. S. Boys. But a new complication arose. We had no coach. After a great deal of trouble and worry, we secured the Rev. A. K. Smith, of Grace Church, who kindly offered his services and, taking matters in hand, soon had a score of padded youngsters going thru the preliminaries of football practice.

Davidson, F. T. Wilson, Prater, Delany and Catlin were old men. Prater, who is an end, did very well at half back. F. T. Wilson, captain, and Davidson, were the right men in the right places and many times saved their team, in a tight place, from an inglorious "bust up."

But, alas! in our first game we missed our faithful "Milk" (for divers reasons) and with only one good ground-gainer we went down to defeat before the fast Sunnyside team.

The return game at Sunnyside was not as pleasant as might have been and our stay in that fertile valley was as brief as a long ride in pitch darkness would permit. In that game we were "handed some big ones," but thru our eloquence as well as our football prowess we succeeded in coming off in fairly good shape. Nearly all of us were able to walk.

At Yakima, after playing a fine, clean, fast, aggressive game and practically winning it, by a series of miserable mistakes, we presented it to the City of North Yakima. It happened thus: Ellensburg started things by scoring in the first six minutes of play. Yakima scored and again Ellensburg advanced to Yakima's fifteen-yard line. Here they were held and Davidson scored a beautiful drop-kick.

It was growing very dark when Yakima secured the ball on Ellensburg's twenty-yard line and slowly advanced it to her five yards. Darkness increases. Ellensburg holds for three downs, but the official allows Yakima to keep the ball. Still darker. Barton secures the ball on a fumble. "The



lights begin to twinkle from the shore." The umpire gives the ball to Yakima again. "The long day wanes." The Yakima team, with the assistance of their admirers, in the darkness, shoved the ball over the line and scored another five points for Yakima. "The cocks begin to crow." (?)

On Thanksgiving Day we lined up with Yakima for our final game on a field half mud and half snow. Yakima's weight was greatly to her advantage, but by the superb work of the backs on defense and their strong kicking, was kept near the center of the field until the time was up.

The season brought out forcefully our lack of practice and experience. It also showed that we had good material, but that we lacked the system and advantage of team work. This is somewhat explained by the fact that no two games were played with the same line-up.

Our strong point was kicking, for we had three good kickers in the back field, and in this phase of the game surpassed any team which we play.



PHILIP DAVIDSON



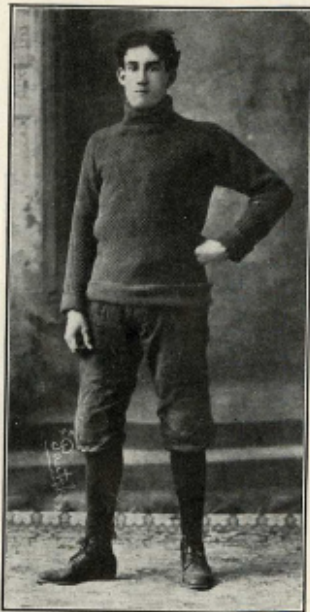
FRANK T. WILSON



STANLEY R. WILSON

L. E.—Barten
 R. E.—Ames
 L. T.—McManus
 R. T.—Delany
 L. G.—Childs
 R. G.—Wallace

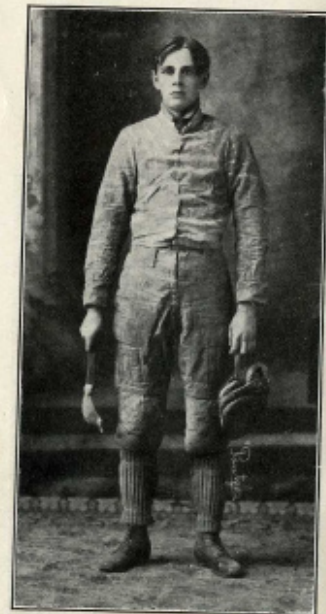
C.—Catlin
 L. H. B.—Prater
 R. H. B.—F. T. Wilson, Capt.
 Q. B.—S. R. Wilson
 F. B.—Davidson



LEE R. McMANUS



HOWARD WALLACE



ROY C. CHAPMAN

Oct. 28, at Ellensburg
 Sunnyside 6
 Ellensburg 0

Nov. 4, at Sunnyside
 Sunnyside 21
 Ellensburg 12

Nov. 17, at North Yakima
 Yakima 11
 Ellensburg 9

Nov. 25, at Ellensburg
 Yakima 0
 Ellensburg 0



Rauzyke

SN
1906

1906

Boys' Basket Ball

FOR other athletics, this has been an "off" year for basket-ball in the Normal School. Prof. Saunders gone, three of last year's start team gone, only three old players in the school. These were the conditions out of which the boys developed this year's basket-ball team.

All except Gwinn were foot-ball men, so basket-ball had to wait until after Thanksgiving. With two or three practices, a game was run in before the Christmas vacation between the Junior boys and the rest of the school. The Wilson boys did some passing "a la Last Year", and the Juniors had little difficulty in defeating their opponents.

The Yakima team, which we met on January 17th, was composed of town and high school boys. They showed a remarkable ignorance of the game and lack of practice. One of their men attempted to make things disagreeable for one or two Normal boys, but foot-ball tactics and pugilistic principles are of little help in basket-ball, and the Normal team came out with flying colors.

To be accommodating and to show our friendly spirit, we consented to play the P. S. A. team, which wished to go upon a trip, and needed a game in this section of the state to make it a financial success. We had no shot for victory, but hoped to make a respectable showing.

When the two teams went upon the floor, nothing but sympathy was felt for the Normal boys. The comparison was almost laughable. The one team considered among the fastest on the coast, its members having played together for several years, and who average over six feet and weighed fully one hundred eighty pounds to the man; the other composed of mere boys, averaging fully four inches shorter than their opponents and averaging not more than one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

But when with some fine quick passing, the Normal boys caged the ball twice, neither goal, however, counting, before Snohomish had succeeded in finding the basket, the sympathy was turned to surprise, and when after a hard fought, well-played game the score stood 43 to 16, with P. S. A. on top, the inhabitants of this "windy" burg awoke to the conclusion that after all those "kids" could play basket-ball.

Attempts were made to obtain trips in Eastern Washington and on the Sound, but as the necessary games could not be secured neither was taken.

With another class game, which resulted in another victory for "'07," the boys closed their basket-ball season, to take up the spring sports to which the beautiful afternoons called them.



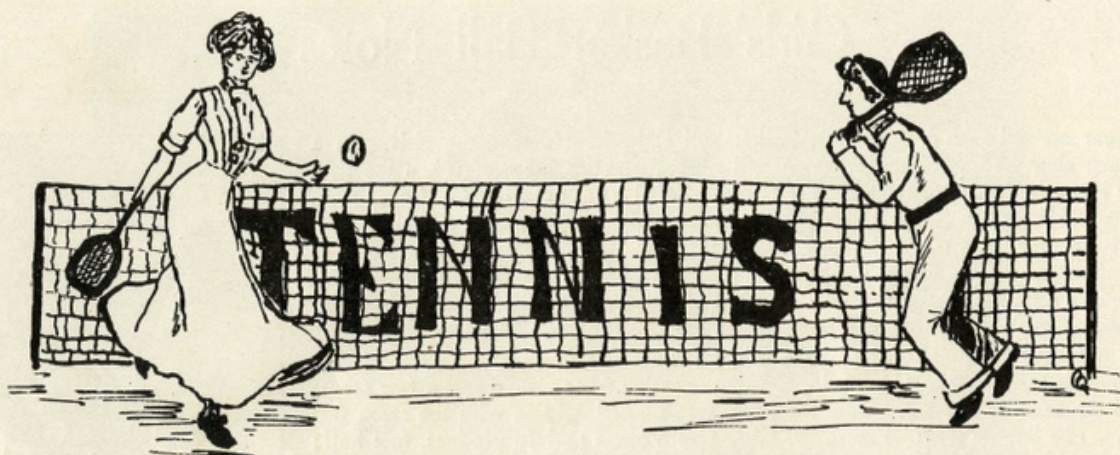
Girls' Basket Ball Notes

This year opened with a noticeable basket ball enthusiasm among the girls. In a short time each class had its organized team and special practice hours. When the time came for the inter-class game of the season the Senior-Third Year team left the Junior team in the distance, 8-4.

Several attempts were made during the year to secure games with the University of Washington, Spokane, and Cheney, but they all played according to non-interference rules and we were also unable to get games with North Yakima, Seattle High School, Pullman, and Snohomish. But we do hope they will accept the opportunity next year.

It was not until February 3rd that the Girls' Basket-Ball team had an opportunity to show an outside team how to play ball. On that occasion Miss Grupe and a few others accompanied the team to Roslyn, where the game was played, ending with the score 6-0 in our favor. The line-up was: Forwards, Elsie Des Voigne and Jo Hodges, first half; Norma Macdonald, second half; center, Lydia Keller; guards, Serita Howland (captain) and Flora Salladay (manager). This was the only outside game played this season, but in this one short trip we had sufficient interesting experience to make it a memorable one. We stopped half a day in Cle Elum in order to attend a most interesting (?) teachers' meeting, at which both Miss Grupe and Dr. Munson spoke. After recovering from that, we rode up to Roslyn in the coach part of a coal-car, and when we arrived in that metropolis we were met by the captain of the Roslyn team and were soon surrounded by a mob of small Italians, who succeeded well in making our arrival known all over Roslyn. They advertised the game well, for nearly all Roslyn turned out to see it. The hall was so crowded that about one-third of the audience stood on "the field of action." Action it surely was, for, judging from the gentleness exhibited by some players, they were more intent on holding to foot-ball rules than to those of basket-ball. After the game, dancing was enjoyed—by some. The next morning we found ourselves swiftly descending into the depths of the Roslyn Coal Mines. Down in the mines we walked for, seemingly, miles up hill and down hill, thru endless dark tunnels. When we made our way back to the cage, our ascent was fully as swift as the descent, and when we once more saw the light of day, we felt—well, we can't say just how we did feel. But we can say that we thoroly enjoyed a most delightful sleigh ride from Roslyn to Cle Elum and when we got back to Ellensburg we were yet able to get off on the right side of the train.





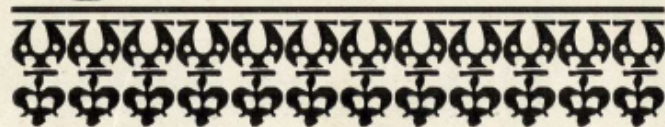
A tennis club has been organized of over sixty members, and the courts promise to be filled during the delightful afternoons which the next three months have in store. Some of the enthusiasts even think that they will get up early in the morning to play while it is cool. This is a fine resolution and we hope that some at least may put it into practice.

Altho nothing definite has been arranged we may have a tournament in which there will be sets for the faculty, class sets, sets for all amateurs and for novices.

Negotiations have been entered into for a track meet with the E. H. S. Team, and, if it is a success, we hope to arrange one with Y. H. S. later.



Organizations





The Treble Clef

THE TREBLE CLEF consists of twenty-five of the girls of the school who are musically inclined. Mrs. Niblett is the director, and by her skill in managing the unruly members, and her patience in drilling them, has won for the Treble Clef the important place in the school which it now holds.

Under Mrs. Niblett's direction the Treble Clef has worked up the cantata "The Lady of Shalott" and several heavy choruses during the year. The cantata has never been given in public, but was rendered at one of Dr. Harris's programs for the third year literature class. The choruses have been given at various programs during the year.

The Treble Clef made its first public appearance at the second Crescent Public and was heartily applauded, responding pleasantly with a light encore. The girls have also taken an active part in the social life of the school.

The University Glee Club was entertained at an informal reception in the Library by our songsters. The faculty and school were invited. The girls entertained their guests with short selections, which were well rendered and very much enjoyed, after which refreshments were served. The affair was pronounced a success by all who attended.

The next social event of any importance was the reception given for the Concert Troupe consisting of Miss Lewys, Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Wells. This was more formal, but not less enjoyable, than the first. The invited guests were the faculty and their wives, the trustees and their wives, the Seniors and the boys of the school. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening was spent—especially enjoyed by certain persons who remained to put the library in working order again and incidentally to dispose of the ice-cream that was left. Both feats were accomplished with alacrity before the weary workers departed to their respective homes.

When the spoons which had been borrowed for the occasion were returned several were missing. Whether they went in search of the ice-cream or not, we were not able to determine; suffice it to say "they are lost and not to be found."

The Treble Clef is now preparing diligently for Commencement and the Annual Concert.



P.W.C.A

President . HELEN HOLBROOK
Vice-President NELLIE BURKE
Secretary . BERTHA EIDSON
Treasurer . LENA BLAINE

COMMITTEES.

Bible Study—

Martha Stauffer
 Jessie Smith
 Martha Davis

Membership—

Millicent McNeil
 Virginia Rader
 Frances Smith

Missionary—

Minnie Buzzell
 Myrtle Haney
 Marion Maxwell

Social—

Ruth Shrewbridge
 Lena Blaine
 Zina Chapman

Intercollegiate—

Annette Hitchcock
 Loretta Salladay
 Adelia Tompkins

Rooms and Music—

Nellie Burke
 Ethelyn Clark
 Jennie Wiley

Religious Meetings—

Gertrude Scott
 Mary Lillie
 Katherine Langridge

Finances—

Bertha Eidson
 Mary Williams
 Gertrude Osborne



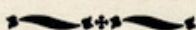
The meetings are held every Wednesday afternoon from four o'clock to five, in the Y. W. C. A. Room. No President was elected until the beginning of the second semester, but the meetings proceeded in the regular order. Usually each girl has charge of one meeting during the school year.

Our first meeting was lead by Dr. Harris. Miss Thomas lead the Thanksgiving meeting; Prof. Wilson, the Christmas meeting, and in February Father Sweans gave us an interesting talk on Cardinal Newman.

In the fall we were visited by Miss Kyle, the U. S. Secretary of the Y. W. work. She spoke in Assembly and at Y. W. C. A., and helped organize a Bible Study Class, besides personally helping the girls.

The Bible Study Class has, we hope, become a permanent organization of the school. Tho its membership is not large, its privileges are enjoyed by a few of the girls. They are at present studying the Book of St. John, with Rev. Mr. Hitchcock as the leader.

This spring the school was visited by Miss Gage, State Secretary of the Y. W. work. A reception was given her in the Normal Library Saturday evening, March twenty-fifth. Sunday afternoon she held a Bible Class at the Dormitory. Twenty-five girls were present and were very much interested in her talk on "The Evolution of Prayer." In the evening she gave an instructive lecture in the Presbyterian Church, on "The Missionary Work in Turkey," speaking especially about the City of Marsavan. She spoke in assembly Monday morning and at the Y. W. C. A. in the afternoon, and her talks were very much enjoyed by all that heard her. The following day she visited individually with the girls and met with the various committees, outlining their work. Her delightful personality and genuine Christian spirit left an influence that will kindle much good.



St. Cecilia, Present

The cherubs all love St. Cecilia—
Her sweet music charms every one;
They bring her roses from heaven,
And, in love-whispers, murmur, "Well done."
Do you know you're a St. Cecilia,
If you'll use the Power that's near?
For our lives can make such sweet music
That the angels will stop to hear.

Man's praises—why should we e'er seek them?
Better strive first and last to please God,
And the things that he gives us to do
Let us do to the glory of God!

Every life has a purpose for being;
Every life has a mission quite clear—
For our lives should make such sweet music
That the angels would stop to hear.

If we will keep close to the Master,
See the smile of love on His face;
If we ask Him daily to be with us
And give us His peace and grace;
If we truly love all God's children,
Great and small, both far and near—
Then our lives will make such sweet music
That the angels will stop to hear.

G. SCOTT.

Crescent Literary Notes

THE Crescent Literary Society began work this year with even greater enthusiasm than it has been shown heretofore and rapidly increased its membership to over five times its original number.

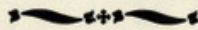
The Round Tables have departed somewhat from the plan of work followed in former years, in that the subjects chosen at the beginning of the year have been pursued throughout; with one exception, a change of subject not being made at the end of the quarters, as was formerly done.

The work of the entire Society has been very good, some of the Private Programs having put to shame Publics of former years. Of these two were given by Round Table No. 4, one of which was entirely original, being a dramatization of Tolstoi's home life; the other a presentation of Tom Sawyer; and two by Round Table No. 1, one of which was on Dr. Schliemann's excavations in Troy; the other a comedy entitled "Mr. Bob."

The first public program was given by Round Table No. 1 on the Odyssey. It was very instructive as well as entertaining, showing a great amount of thought and work on the part of the members. The main features of the evening were the reading by Miss Buzzell and the music which Mrs. Niblett, Dr. Martin and Miss Stauffer kindly furnished.

The second Public given by Round Table No. 2 on Current Events was also very pleasing, especially the cartoons by Miss Drummond, which she drew while giving the necessary explanations.

The last program up to date was given by Round Table No. 3 on two American poets, Van Dyke and Field. At this program the Normal Orchestra appeared for the first time, and the audience's appreciation of it was shown by the hearty applause it received. Miss Beals' reading, "The Other Wise Man," by Van Dyke, added greatly to the success of the program. The other numbers which stood out prominently were a reading by Miss Jones and a paper by Miss West.



Eclectic Literary Society

THE Eclectic Literary Society of the W. S. N. S. has grown steadily from year to year and is now in a flourishing and prosperous condition. The aim of this society is to encourage and give expression to the literary tastes of the students. It consists this year of sixty-six members, equally divided as to membership and ability into two sections, A and B. They have pursued different courses of study in their section meetings, held every two weeks.

Section B, under the leadership of Miss Maude Liddell, gave the first public program of the year, an outgrowth of section study on Hallowe'en. During the first quarter, Section A, under the leadership of Miss Bertha Eidson, studied Russia. From the study on this subject a Public was given, consisting of cartoons represented in tableaux form on the principal events and close of the Russo-Japanese war.

The second subject studied by Section B was Italy, under the leadership of Miss Vera Roberts. It resulted in a very good Public on the art, literature and music of Florence, illustrated with stereoptican views. Following this Public, Section A, in charge of Miss Fay Easterday, gave a very interesting program on birds. In addition to the publics, various private meetings were given on Shakespeare, Lincoln, current events, February men, London, etc.

At the end of the school year the two societies unite in a grand joint program. This year we have the unusual good fortune of securing Mr. H. L. Southwick as speaker of the evening.

Orchestra

THE Normal Orchestra was organized at the beginning of the year and is the first organization of its kind in the school. Under the direction of Mr. Ellis Ridel it has done excellent work. The first public appearance was made at a program given by the Crescent Literary Society. Since that time it has played at various programs. The members are energetic and industrious and, altho some of them sing in assembly with their mouths closed, they make up for this deficiency in the manipulation of their respective instruments.

The orchestra owes its success to Mr. Ridel, and his efforts are thoroly appreciated by the members and the entire school.







Literary

Goodnight

From the German of Korner.

Good night!
May the weary slumber light!
Silent comes the long day's close,
Tired hands find sweet repose;
Till the morning fair and bright,
Good night!

Rest ye all!
Let the weary eyelids fall!
Silent is it in the street;
Hear the watchman's voice repeat,
Hear the night's soft voices call,
Rest ye all!

Slumber sweet!
Dream of heaven's sweet retreat!
If by love thy peace be taken,
May a lovelier dream awaken,
Where you may your loved one meet.
Slumber sweet!

Good night!
Slumber till the morning breaks!
Slumber till another morrow
Comes to thee with other sorrow,
Without fear, the Father wakes;
Good night!

TRANSLATED BY E. I. H.

My First Experience as a Cook

WHEN I was a very little girl I got a notion into my head that I would like to teach mother and Biddie, our hired girl, how to cook; but for some reason or other they didn't seem to think I was capable of doing anything of the sort, and Biddie wouldn't even let me stick my nose inside the kitchen door, especially when she was making cakes, cookies and pies, let alone showing her how I wanted things done.

Biddie's cookies never tasted just right to me, altho I could make away with about a dozen every meal, and her cakes always left a funny feeling in my stomach after I had eaten a half of one.

Well, my opportunity came at last. My mother wasn't feeling very well one day, so she sent Biddie to town, which was half a mile off, to get some medicine. Now was my chance—Biddie gone and mother sick upstairs, and, O joy! Biddie had two nice large pies all ready for the oven! "Now," thot I to myself, "I will show Biddie how to bake pies; she never bakes them done and no wonder they always give me the stomach-ache. I'll show her how to bake pies that won't give any one the stomach-ache. If Biddie would have to take castor oil once or twice, she would be perfectly willing to let me bake all of her pies, but mother never makes her take it."

So I filled the stove full of coal, and, after it got red hot, I put the pies in to bake. Then I looked around for something else to do. I found the cream can full of nice cream all ready to be churned; so I went to the cellar, got the churn, poured in the cream and started to churn. The churn was one of these old-fashioned dasher churns, which has a lid with a

hole in that you run the dasher thru; but I couldn't find the lid, so I decided to churn without it. I was just getting along fine when all at once I raised the dasher too high and out splashed some cream on Biddie's clean floor. I didn't have time to clean it up, as I couldn't let the cream stand, so I ran out and got my little black kitten to clean it up for me.

Of course the kitten was a good hand at such work and soon had it all cleaned up. I guess he must have enjoyed the cream very much, or at least I think he did, for when I looked around to see if the house was on fire,—the kitchen was so full of smoke,—the kitten jumped up on the side of the churn and fell into the cream.

I ran into the bathroom, turned on the water, went back, got the kitten out of the cream, threw him into the bath-tub head first, shut the door, and started in to churning again. I would give the kitten his bath after he had soaked a while, and I had finished my churning.

All at once it dawned upon me that the smoke which was filling the room smelled like Biddie's pies. I rushed to the stove, upsetting the churn, and, as the smoke cleared away, I could see two black looking objects which once upon a time had been pies. On the floor the cream was running in all directions, from the bathroom came the cries of a drowning cat, and in the door stood Biddie as big as a mountain and as vicious as a lion.

I don't care much about telling you what happened next, but I will tell you one thing more: That was my first and last attempt to cook.

JEAN SCHNEBLY—'II.

Ye Winds of the Kittitas!
How few have sung your praise
In these degenerate days!
But I who oft have met thee,
As ye pass,
Love thee and dream of thee
Forever singing.

Ye Winds of the Kittitas!
Ye cannot stay your feet,
But singing, onward fleet.
Blessing I give thee with tears
As ye pass;
Your song within my ears
Forever ringing!

HOWARD WALLACE.

Prince Nevaphal

THEIR laughter and their smile thrilled me—the hollowness of the laughter and the emptiness of the smiles of the subjects of the jocose prince, Nevaphal.

These toiled under burthens and laid greivous burthens upon their fellows. Urgent officers, waving ensigns which bore the motto, "If you would cry, laugh; if weary, smile; deny your burden and it will lighten; turn your face therefrom and it will disappear," strolled along the byways and among the hedges, lashing the people on to labor for their very lives. Their burthens bulged under their coats; the pain of it shone thru their eyes; the echo of it resounded thru their voices in the Valley of Make-Believe, in the Province Ivawill, in the year six thousand, under the wicked Prince Nevaphal. But the people, in the hope of their lives, denied that they wore burthens. They laughed determinedly, and danced and made merry and often cried, "Long live the great Prince Nevaphal!"

"Why do the people honor the Prince Nevaphal?" I asked. "Why do they deny their burthens? If they would confess them, would know them to their full measure, and then claim their liberty to that fullest extent, they could be free," I said to one standing near. He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. Shifting my own burthen to ease its pain, I moved onward. He followed and asked mockingly, "Why do you make that shifting movement?" "To ease the pain of my burthen," I said. "But, sir," I continued, "if the people could but see that we are by right freemen, we could be free. No man can loose his own burthen; but the King has promised to stand with us, if only two or three can be found who delight to honor His name."

"Honor the King's name! Do we not honor his name by obeying his servant, the Prince Nevaphal, and making mirth merrily, because we are his subjects?" "We are not his subjects, sir, so long as we make and carry burthens. We are but vassals in his kingdom, vassals to the false servant, Nevaphal. The King would never own a Kingdom of serfs and slaves. We dishonor Him when we thus take His name in vain. He would be Sovereign only to the noble free, who work, but who work only as freemen, as sons, tilling their Father's fields for natural yield, not for hire, not for rewards. The wicked Prince Nevaphal, for his own gain, lays burthens upon us and threatens our lives if we labor not in his trenches, when life is our own by the free grant of the King. But, oh! we neglect that grant, we honor Nevaphal and dishonor the King. By reason of our burthens, sir, we are traitors in the Kingdom."

The man and I parted ways, and I journeyed alone till I came to a small inn. Now, it was a season when travellers were few, and only two girls were left in charge; the older folk, for a few days, having journeyed away some whither. The girls were joyous over their first tender responsibility—their burthens sat lightly as yet upon their white shoulders—and, ah! they were so kind, so winsome, so childlike, so sweet—their presence refreshed my soul! "Here," thought I, "my soul, rest thou for many days." But near the close of the first day (a hot and sultry day) I sat by an open window laving my spirit in the cooling beauties of shifting shadows, and half tempestuous breezes kissing the landscape here and there and toying with the clouds, when suddenly, the girls came bounding into my presence like frightened deer, and they exclaimed: "See! see! Look! Look at it now!"

For some time had been noticed strange conditions about the sun. Often appeared an effect as a greyish blue haze hung to obscure its brightness. The simple folk called it the "butter-milk" sun. Accompanying this condition were storms of wind and rain, extreme heat and severe electrical shocks. I arose and looked thru the side window indicated by the girls. The emblazoned sun, with the lower rim of its outline obscured by the blue line of the western horizon, seemed to be in a shimmer of most intense internal agitation. If you could believe it, the thing seemed to pale and flush and pale and violently tremble like unto a death sickness. I glanced at the ashen faces—a terrific explosion, the earth shook, we stood in darkness. Colliding planets, shattered worlds, woe inexpressible emblazoned before my imagination, till the moaning of the girls sobered me.

Hope reclothed my soul in the remembrance of a promise that somewhere and somehow a perfect light of full intent should shine, before which should flee all shadows, and by which should be banished all burthens. Slipping my arms about the trembling forms beside me, I whispered, "To confound the wicked Prince Nevaphal, the King has darkened the sun. Under a purer light in the morning the earth will be found like new, darkest ravines lifted to light, coldest peaks lowered to warmth, mountain and valley leveled to each, providing open fields and broad highways for the King's sons: natural beauty shall abound. So fear not, but adore the King with that perfect love that casteth out all fear."

Then I awoke, and all things were as they had been.

JAMIE MAGRUDER.

The Adventures of a Lone Maiden

ONE evening, not long ago, a certain family were out to spend the evening, leaving one of our Normal girls (whom I shall call Nellie) home, alone.

She was studying very industriously, trying to keep away that lonesome feeling which often comes, when she was suddenly aroused by a great commotion in the yard. Then someone stumbled up onto the front porch, striking the door as he came, but, as there was no knocking and the noise still continued, she began to think the man must be insane or intoxicated. He finally started around the house, and, by the way he walked, it was easily determined that he was dragging something which Nellie at once decided must be a corpse. After stumbling over a wheel, and a great deal of other trouble, he finally reached the side door and rapped.

Nellie, who by this time was becoming quite frightened, started for the door, but before she reached it this man began talking to himself. At this she became very excited and made a wild dash for her room; once inside she securely bolted the door and picked up the water pitcher with which to defend herself. Then, fearing that she might be seen thru the window blind, she turned the light out. This was no sooner done than she began to hear strange noises around the window and made up her mind he was coming in that way, so on came the light again.

After watching closely for a few minutes and seeing no signs of him, she sat down on the bed to await developments. Finally he started away, when from the back porch came the most hideous sounds (apparently from the corpse), which frightened her more than ever. I don't know what would have happened then had not some of us returned. When we came in Nellie came rushing out to meet us, as pale as a ghost, begging us to look on the back porch and see what was making such hideous sounds, all the while telling us of her narrow escape.

Being greatly surprised and somewhat disturbed, we went to investigate. On opening the back door—you ask what we saw—a sack of potatoes leaning innocently against the side of the house! When we informed Nellie of our discovery, she said: "Oh, I wasn't frightened, I just kept my head fine!" We all wondered why, when she had her door securely locked and her implements of warfare collected. Next day we found that a small man had brought the potatoes in a wheelbarrow, which was too large to go thru the gate; so the potatoes had to be dragged in, thus causing so much noise.

So the mystery was explained—all but that of the strange noises, which we laid to her imagination. But if you ever wish to "get even" with Nellie, just ask her about the sack of potatoes!



NOT A RAVEN AS BEFORE.

Once upon a school night dreary,
I was sitting meek and teary,
Struggling with belated lessons
That I should have done before;
I was startled by a creaking
As of someone slyly sneaking,
(My poor heart was set a-beating),
Sneaking toward my chamber door.

Stealthily I ambled forward,
Muttering, "I'll fix the coward,"
Here the noise increased in volume,
Growing louder than before.
Now there came a plaintive bawling,
As of someone sadly squalling;
Thot I, "Someone will be falling
Soon, outside my study door."

Glancing round I seized a dumb-bell,
Thinking it would do the work well,
And with all my courage oozing,
I flung wide my study door.
I could scarce believe my eye-sight!
There before me in the half-light,
I discovered, ere they took flight,
Just two Seniors, nothing more.

Then I sought an explanation
Of their awful perturbation,
But my now excited questions
Were greeted with a roar.
At length one made reply,
(And she winked her weather eye),
"We're rehearsing for our class play,
Only this, and nothing more."
GRACE DAVIS.

Some little lambs were feeding
On a grassy knoll by a rill,
While their mothers were safely sheltered
In sheds at the foot of the hill.

O'er the green meadows they heard calling
The shepherd's voice far away.
But one little lamb was wilful
And did not wish to obey.

While the others quickly answered
This one farther strayed,
Refused the protecting shelter
And its loving master's aid.

It did not know of the shadows
Which round about one creep,
Up from the moonlit meadows
And down from the hillsides steep.

Only one night of terror
Was needed its spirit to quell,
And it thot how exceedingly pleasant
To be safe once more in the dell.

So joyfully homeward it started
With the rising of the sun,
And the master found it waiting,
The erring little one.

L. R.



Galileo

THE LAST half of the sixteenth and the whole of the seventeenth centuries are the most active and progressive periods in the intellectual history of Europe. A great revival had begun in the previous century, and in this century it was carried forward in scientific discoveries, in striking improvements in philosophy, in literature, and in a general advance in the condition of the European people.

In the philosophy of this age, the most striking change was the substitution of the modern method of inductive inquiry for the barren and fruitless ways of reasoning which had come down from Aristotle to the schoolmen of the age, and which consisted in assuming facts instead of questioning nature. Among those who began to disbelieve the Aristotelian method we find some of the greatest men the world has ever produced, Bacon, Spinoza, Galileo, Kepler, Newton and Harvey.

Numerous scientific societies were also organized during this century, and the progress of literature in the seventeenth century was equally remarkable with that of science and philosophy. In art, though the age showed rather a falling off from the greatness of the previous century, there are not wanting great names.

Every age has its representatives, its pioneers in literature, art, government, science—men who are so far beyond the common thoughts of their fellow-men that they become objects of ridicule to the masses. One of the most noted of those of the sixteenth century who gave the wheel of science a complete revolution was Galileo. He was born of very humble parentage, but rich intellectually. His father being a great musician and mathematician, combined with the fact that he had for his life's companion Zarlino—the greatest musician of the age—brought him into public notice.

Galileo seems, from a very early age, to have had a constructive mind. His attention to literary studies was equally manifested. During the course of his education he was an earnest, conscientious student and concerned himself with everything that fell within the range of exact inquiry and left to his successors the larger but less fruitful portion. He acquainted himself with the best Latin authors and acquired a fair knowledge of Greek. It was during this period that he laid the brilliant and elegant style for which his writings in later years became so noted. His father, unwilling to have his son follow in his footsteps, thought that he should devote his time to the study of medicine. In the art of music and in his inventions he had already ranked with the professors of Italy. His father had up to this time kept him entirely ignorant of mathematics, as he felt sure such a study would cause his son to abandon his study in medicine. Through accident, however, he stopped his study in medicine and began at once to study the works of Archimedes and Euclid; but was soon compelled, through the lack of means, to give up study at the university. His greatness is now recognized and we find him lecturing before the Florentine Academy. Soon afterwards he published a description of his hydrostatic balance, which was the first of his many inventions to result from his study of mathematics.

The enmity of the Aristotilians was greatly increased against him when he proved that all bodies fall with the same velocity. Perhaps his greatest discovery was the isochronism of the pendulum. When we consider our clocks we can readily see what a great discovery it was. After this it was not necessary that men should carry a sun dial, an hour glass or a bottle of sand to tell the time. His scientific researches gained for him the professorship of the Universities of Pisa and Padua. At the latter place he attracted great crowds from all over Europe. He made himself a master in the construction of machinery by his study of mathematics. Among the last things with which he enriched science was his telescope. With this he not only introduced a new science—astronomy—but he turned his attention towards the heavens with a result that was as far-reaching as any of his discoveries. This greatly increased his faith in the "Copernician Theory"

of the universe. He was, however, afraid to make this known, more on account of ridicule than of persecution. This shows a weak element in his character, because he failed to support even his own ideas. While we cannot attribute to him the right of inventing the telescope, we can give him the honor of constructing his own without a copy, and he certainly used it to a good purpose.

He subsequently became blind, but he had, without any question whatever, used his eyes to the best purpose of any man in his generation. Though blind, like Milton, who composed his greatest work after becoming blind, Galileo did not give up his study. He was not only a great man of science, but he also had a great influence upon the literature of the age. As he was a devoted student of Ariosto—the greatest Italian poet of the age—it was natural that he should transfer some of the poet's qualities to his own writings, and by so doing make them have a greater effect upon the people than they otherwise would have done.

His writings are considered to be the greatest of the Italian writings; while his prose is considered to be the best Italy has ever produced. He represents a growing tendency of the age to break away from the old ideas and superstitions. In short, Galileo was the right man in the right place, and since he was such, he was in a position where he could display all his faculties in whatever direction his mind might incline.

He made his works permanent by laying a strong foundation for them. Galileo said, "The world does move," and no one at the present day questions the truthfulness of the statement. The arts and sciences also have moved forward very greatly since his time, and though many discoveries have been made in all lines of thought, we can all say, like Newton: "We seem to be children playing by the sea shore, picking up a pebble here and there, while the great undiscovered ocean of truth lies all around us."

F. X. K.



HIS SAD FATE.

A young Scot there was, Jimmie Birtle,
Who wore a bright green and red kirtle;
 But Birtle so stout
 Quite filled his shirt out
And for fun his kin dubbed him the Turtle.
Another young Scotchman named Knox,
Wore a kilt with a beautiful box;
 But Knox was so thin
 That it didn't fit him
And the neighbors all called him the Fox.
One beautiful day in the last of June,
The Turtle was piping a tune
 As a-down the wide road
 He so gleefully strode,
While the sun shone above at high noon.
The Fox met him well on the Pike,
Said he'd run Jim a race if he'd like;
 And Jim not afraid

The start was soon made,
And they ran down the road to the dike.
Now, Jimmie was working like mad,
And his puffing would nigh make you sad;
 While the Fox stepped along
 With a right jolly song;
The way he wagged James was too bad.
Of course, the Fox won in the race.
Poor Jimmie waxed pale in the face;
 He soon passed away,
 But to this very day
They talk of his run, in the place.
His grave stone the towns folks all like,
Tho 'twas carved by a wordy young Tyke;
 "Here lies Jimmie Birtle,
 Called also the Turtle.
Whom the Fox ran to death on the Pike."
MINNIE B.

The Joys of Batching

DID YOU ever keep house and go to school? You never did! Then I think some of my experience in that line might prove instructive to you, if you ever intend to do so. It's all right if you have a room-mate like Jessie, and a landlady like Mrs. Z——, and know the peculiarities of "The Girls Across the Hall." Even then some things will happen to unsettle you once in a while.

Suppose, against your room-mate's advice, you try to carry a tub of suds down the crooked back stairs and you slip and land six steps below on the entry floor—and that tub of suds lands, too, drenching you and the freshly mopped entry! And looking up, you find, much to your discomfiture, the delivery boy and the girl who lives across the hall calmly waiting for you to let them pass!

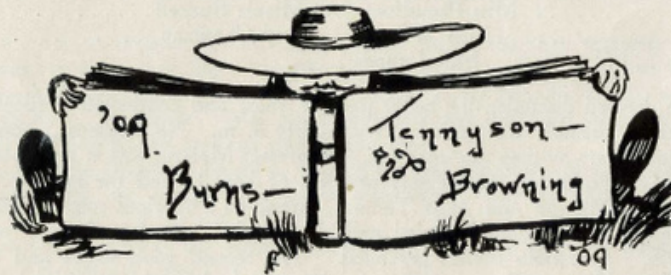
When you are expecting your father and mother and have set the sponge for Saturday's baking in a pan and placed it on a box back of the heating stove, would you like to come in, all in a rush, and catch your skirt in that pan and have it follow you half across the room, emptying its contents upon skirt, rug, and carpet?

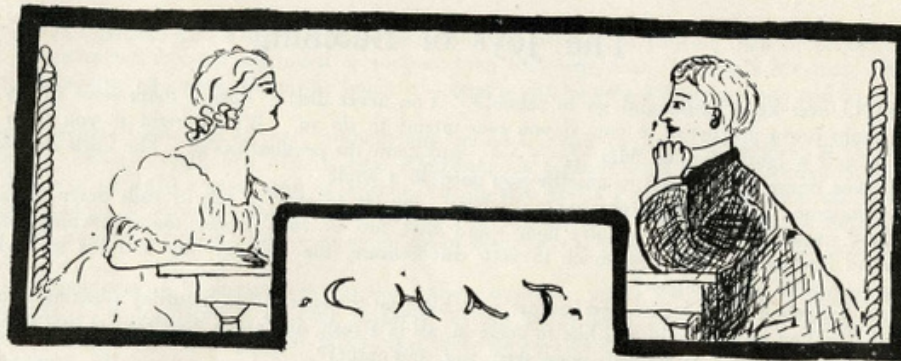
And don't you think you would call it fun, after saying you would not spend Sunday night at home, to dash upstairs, with the warning, "It's only I," and come face to face with one of "The Girls Across the Hall" and—someone else?

These are only a few of the things that are liable to happen and are almost too thrilling to be enjoyable. I advise you to try to split your kindling wood, if you intend to do it upstairs, before Mr. Z—— goes to bed, as he does not like to be waked up any time between ten p. m. and two a. m. by Normal girls splitting wood over his head.

You will remember these things when, after planning oyster soup for Sunday dinner, you carelessly pull the kettle too near the stove's edge and in a twinkling your soup is spread at your feet with the kettle bottom side up in the midst of it. Nevertheless the experience you will have is worth more than ten years in a cooking school.

PEARL ALSBURY, '10.





Students' Day

The Following Students Acting as Faculty.

Frank T. Wilson.....	Principal Wilson	Grace Davis.....	Miss Jessie Wilcox
Newton Henton.....	Prof. Morgan	Flora Macdonald.....	Miss Hoffman
Alice Guthrie.....	Dr. Harris	Grace Morgan.....	Miss Beals
(Martha Thompson, proxy)		Hope Coy.....	Miss Steinbach
Charles Guibor.....	Dr. Munson	Ethelyn Clark.....	Mrs. Niblett
Alma Bishop.....	Miss Thomas	Philip Davidson.....	Prof. Parks
Elizabeth Drummond.....	Miss Proudfoot	Minnie Buzzell.....	Mrs. Warner, Librarian
May Hubbell.....	Miss Wilcox	Roy Chapman.....	Miss Harn, Secretary
Jessie Neilson.....	Miss Grupe		

THIS YEAR we deemed discretion the better part of valor and conducted Students' Day in a very quiet and dignified manner. Assembly was called at eight-thirty a. m. No tardiness among the students was recorded, and all the Faculty were on time that morning. Professor Morgan was in his place first, and we knew from his attitude that he was pondering the weighty problem of how to find the mean proportional between austerity and frivolity. Dr. Munson and Miss Thomas carried on a hilarious conversation while the more serious members filed solemnly into place. The first gong sounded and our worthy president looked at the Seniors and thereby squelched their unseemly mirth. A curious silence prevailed. The second gong struck and the devotional exercises were proceeded with as usual. Then, like a well-organized mob, the school clamored for speeches from the almost speechless *pro temps*.

Dr. Munson, the first victim, marched heroically to the front, and, with much twiddling of thumbs and twisting of buttons, delivered a well-prepared (the doctor is prejudiced against extemporaneous speeches) discourse on hoboos, hood-

lums and all such ilk, who manage to get food and clothing, diplomas and degrees, without giving a fit return, thus causing the rest of us extra work and lowered salaries.

Miss Thomas responded to her call in a most charming manner. She read "The Little Yaller Dorg," accompanied by Mrs. Niblett and the dog.

Poor Miss Proudfoot, who prefers playing a sonata, singing anthems or writing a volume, finally consented and related an interesting anecdote from her own experience.

The next three ladies were especially amiable and happy. Miss Wilcox demurely read an original story about "The Maple Tree." Owing to a lack of time, Miss Grupe said she would not talk on "Indian Baskets" that day, and Miss Jessie, after picking up her keys, found to her dismay that she had brought the wrong notes, and so postponed her talk on "Schliemann's Excavations." We were very sorry.

Dr. Harris, who is always introducing innovations, spoke by proxy. A dear little maiden from the Kindergarten recited a poem written for the occasion.

"What is the use of fretting?
Nobody should be sad.
'Tis Annual Students' Morning,
Everyone should be glad.

We'll have the Faculty Speeches,
The music and the prayer,
And the regular recitations
In which you all may share.

- To Faculty as well as students
We'll now unfold our plan
And try to give instruction
The very best we can.

And while the time is passing
So happily away,
Oh let us all remember
That this is Students' Day."

Prof. Morgan's illustrated advice on the evils of squinting was very much taken to heart, and Miss Beals created a great commotion by relating the "A Sad Catastrophe."

According to Prof. Parks, the entrance to the lower regions is in Butte, Montana. He is very familiar with the place and its inhabitants himself, and described the workings there so pleasantly that we wouldn't care at all if we should go to Butte or Hel-ena.

The school wishes to take this opportunity of correcting a false impression that strangers may have gotten from Miss Hoffman's remarks. We wish to state that the slang uttered by her on that occasion was borrowed. It was merely a quotation from—well, we wouldn't say whom—and in the manuscript was bounded by the regulation marks. We noted, however, a very keen appreciation of her words. We almost regret to say that such language as "haul off and lamm them in the slats" seemed thoroly understood by the majority of the students.

The music-loving audience were delighted by Mrs. Niblett's clever exposition of the characteristics of the Italian compositions. Mrs. Niblett interspersed her speech with piano selections. The last number, "Goo-Goo Eyes," was enthusiastically encored.

Miss Steinbach, who has a keen sense of the fitness of things and time, rose and with a grandiloquent flourish exclaimed, "To all the speeches that have gone before—ditto!"

Miss Harn and Mrs. Warner, who were seated among the students, both had announcements to make. Miss Harn expressed her love for this burg, and Mrs. Warner tip-toed daintily to the front and announced that the library would be open till five o'clock.

The morning exercises over, the students and various heads of departments repaired to their several classes. A day's

earnest work was accomplished. Instruction was given and received with all due decorum, and so conscientiously was the work done, that when the faculty met at 4 p. m., the following resolutions were passed:

"Resolved, That we, the members of the Student Day Faculty, are dead tired, and we are glad that such responsibility is not ours any longer, and that it is much better to study, than teach things we don't know; and, furthermore, that Students' Day is a grand institution which should be perpetuated both as a day of grace for our instructors and a means of subtle and invaluable experience to the novices and to the school."

E. M. D.

SPEECHES MADE IN ASSEMBLY BY THE FACULTY.

It has been the custom since September for a member of the faculty to address the students in Assembly on Thursday mornings. These addresses have been interesting as well as very instructive, and their efforts have been highly appreciated by the students.

Prof. Parks gave the first address, speaking on "The Copper Mines of Butte, Montana," and giving an interesting description of a mine as it appears to a casual observer. His second talk was on "The Reclamation of Arid Lands in the West." He pictured very clearly the plans of the great irrigation systems.

Miss Steinbach created considerable merriment by reading a selection from "The Madness of Philip," by Josephine Dodge Daskam.

Dr. Harris spoke by proxies, who were two entertaining little speakers from the training school. One spoke "The Cricket on the Hearth," and the other "Bur' Fox."

Miss Wilcox gave a very appetizing description of "Maple Syrup Making in New York."

Miss Grupe delivered a very interesting address on "Manners and Customs," and also gave a special talk on the "Life of President Harper."

Miss Hoffman's address, "The Normal Leader," was full of excellent advice for teachers.

Miss Thomas gave but one regular Thursday morning address, but has favored us with her talent on several other occasions. This was a very amusing recitation on "My Yaller Dorg," and caused great merriment.

Mrs. Warner, the librarian, spoke on "The Influence of Good Reading on Children."

Miss Jessie Wilcox gave a very instructive talk on "The Life of John Hay."

Mrs. Niblett played three pieces of music, explaining each one. Her second appearance was by proxies, the Treble Clef singing two selections, and Miss Loretta Salladay, a solo. Both were much enjoyed.

Miss Beals spoke "Robert of Sicily," one of the "Tales of the Wayside Inn," receiving much applause.

Dr. Munson gave a very forcible address on "The Man in the Game," emphasizing the fact that one should not expect to reap what he has not sown.

Prof. Morgan's first address was on "Habit," making his remarks apply to the Normal to some extent. His second address was "Life in Japan," in which he spoke of the customs, peculiarities, development and western tendencies of the Japanese.

Prof. Wilson has given no regular Thursday morning addresses, but has spoken to us many times on subjects which bear a close relationship to our lives at home and school. His words have been very helpful to all and will have a good influence over our work when we become teachers.

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THE POET.

One lovely March morning, we students had the honor of really seeing with our mortal eyes the form and features of a live poet, brimming over with patriotism and devotion to his country; and hearing from the lips of the writer himself snatches from the first of our epic poems, "Washington," in which our hero is made as heroic, and our scenery is made as picturesque, by our poet, Edward Johnson Funk, as are the heroes of Greece and Rome by Homer and Virgil.

As originality and uniqueness in a more or less marked degree are peculiar characteristics of poets, so our friend came to us, attired in a manner peculiar to himself.

Our Assembly walls rang to the martial music of "Tee-dum, Tee-dum, Tee-dum, Tee-dum, Tee-dum," and when he closed his speech by reading the last line of his poem, "And Future Knows One Washington," the students showed by their applause their great appreciation of both poet and poem, and that assembly will remain to each student thru life an important event of school days.

Mr. Tee-dum-tee-dum-tee-dum-
tee-dum-tee-dum



Superintendents' Addresses in Assembly

SUPERINTENDENT STORY, of King County, favored the students of the school with the first of a series of lectures given by educators of the state for the benefit of those who are about to enter into the noble field of teaching. The title of Mr. Story's address was, "What I Demand of a Teacher in My County." Below are enumerated what he considers to be some of the essential qualifications of a good teacher.

He would first ask: "What motive induces the teacher to work—money or desire to do good? Does she love pupils and is she there to help them? Has she the missionary spirit? Has she had training and does she understand the soil on which she is working? Has she made and is she making preparation?" The next points that he observes upon entering the school room are physical condition of teacher; ventilation in school room; industry on part of pupils; teacher's preparation for daily work; spirit of the school—how pupils work with teacher, and how teacher works with pupils; neatness of room—teacher's desk should be a model of neatness; room decoration. Mr. Story is especially desirous that the teacher should be a student, ever striving toward new attainments. She should study men and women; learn to meet, mingle with and influence people; should study human nature; and, lastly, should be reliable, punctual and temperate.

He spoke very highly of the students of the Ellensburg Normal, asserting that altho he had had many graduates of this school as teachers in his county; he had not known one of these to be a failure.

Mr. Jacobson, of Yakima County, delivered the second address. In it he urged those who are to undertake the work for which they are preparing themselves not to neglect the moral training of children, while drilling them in the common branches of study. His speech was well worked out and was based upon sound pedagogical principles.

Mr. Bunker, Assistant Superintendent of the Seattle Schools, addressed the students in Assembly on April tenth. In

this address Mr. Bunker presented to us some of the Chinese ideals of education which excell those of the American system. First and foremost of the truths expounded was that the respect of the Chinese children for their parents is very marked. This respect is due partly to the fear of severe punishment, which is inflicted in case the esteem is not shown, and partly to the thoro training in legendary ancestor worship which the Chinese children receive. The modern children of America are lacking in this respect for their parents; and upon the teacher in the school room, and the parent in the home, rests the obligation of bettering these conditions for the sake of the country.

Mr. Bunker spoke as a substitute for Superintendent Cooper of Seattle. He is an interesting speaker and thru sincerity of thot readily gains the sympathy of his auditors.

M. S.



Lecture Course

AMONG the many enjoyable features of this year is our lecture course. We appreciate the efforts made by the entertainment and lecture committee in obtaining this course.

The first entertainment was given by the Slayton Jubilee Singers, a merry troop of negro entertainers. This made an especially good program for the opening of the course, which was largely attended and much enjoyed by all.

"In the Year Two Thousand," a phophecy given by Reno B. Welbourne, the wizard of electricity, was the second number. His lecture and experiments were prepared with the personal assistance of Lord Kelvin, Signor Marconi and Sir William Crookes, and a very wonderful and instructive evening was spent listening to and observing all the amazing things that electricity will be doing for us in the near future, when by the aid of this marvelous agent, our world will be again an "Eden" or an "Arcadia."

The next number was a concert by Franz Boyd Wells, pianist, Miss Clara Lewys, contralto, and John L. Gibbs, violinist. These artists won high expressions of approval from all who heard them. Their program was very well selected, and gave the audience ample opportunity of enjoying their splendid abilities and talent. They will be welcomed at any time they may reappear here.

The fourth lecture was given by Mr. Beauchamp upon the "Age of the Young Man." Mr. Beauchamp is a very fluent and interesting speaker. He gave us much to laugh about and a great deal more to think about and made his remarks "embrace the young woman" also.

Our fifth and final lecture is to be given in May by Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin. His name is an assurance of what his lecture will be, and we are eagerly awaiting the adjournment of Congress, when the Senator will begin his lecture tour.





Mr. Schwackhanner

The students were greatly surprised one morning not long ago to see in Prof. Morgan's chair, a dusky son of the South; and were very highly entertained by a glowing report of the school life and work in the Phillipines told by Mr. D. J. A. H. C. M. Schwackhanner, who for six months and fifteen days had been a teacher in that land, where he says the temperature is 135 degrees in the shade. He informed us that: "De school system down dar are dis: De girls and boys kept sep'rate, high board fence between, an' a leather strap, loaded at bofe ends, awaits de trespasser. De dinner ob de Philippino chil' am a orange, one haf sweet potatoe, an' a banana; you-uns eats too much. That's why you can't do moah work. Too hot down dar fo' much ha'd work, just like to spell, dey'll spell from nine to foah without any dinna, and dey ah bery anxios neber to be tardy, dey get up early in morning; get dere little books and "hike" out; dey dare not hab a thumb-print on dere books or de old leather strap awaits dem. When recitation time come you only hab just one book, dat am dis here (pats his head) and if you don't hab it in dar you go back and studies some moah." He gave us several of his interesting experiences, but space forbids us to repeat them—to appreciate Mr. Schwackhanner you should hear him for yourself. At a kindly suggestion from Prof. Wilson he closed his entertainment with a Spanish song, which he says (and truly, too, we think) would take an American six weeks to learn, and then there would be missing spaces.

R. S.



Third Year Literature Class Programs

THE Third Year Literature Class during the past year has been studying Burns, Tennyson and Browning. At the completion of the study of each poet a program was given to the class.

The first program was on Burns, given by Mr. James Ramsey, a native of Scotland, and Mrs. Niblett. It consisted of readings from Burns' works, "To a Louse," "To a Mouse," and "Tam O'Shanter's Ride," by Mr. Ramsey, and "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," and "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," by Mrs. Niblett.

The second program, on Tennyson, was composed of readings from Tennyson by Miss Thomas—"Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "The Song of the Brook" and "Crossing the Bar," and a cantata by the Treble Clef, "The Lady of Shalott."

The third program, on Browning, was as follows: A reading, "The Italian in England," Miss Beals; Chopin's "Nocturne," on the same theme as "In a Gondola," by Browning, rendered by Mrs. Niblett; readings, "My Last Dutchess" and "An Epilogue," by Miss Beals, and "Spring Song," from "Pipa Passes," by Miss Proudfoot.

L. W.



Comedy Well Presented by the Juniors

"'She Stoops to Conquer,' a comedy in five acts, given last Friday evening by the Juniors at the Normal was an excellent performance and reflects great credit upon the school. Between acts a chorus of eighteen Junior girls dressed in white and wearing their adopted caps, sang several most pleasing songs, finally appearing in a Hunting Drill with bows and arrows. This production was the outgrowth of the work done by the class in interpretative reading under Miss Thomas' able instruction."

This note appeared in one of the Ellensburg papers and refers to the following program given Friday, April sixth, '06, in Normal Hall.

Cast of Characters.

Sir Charles Marlow.....	Roy Chapman
Young Marlow.....	Frank T. Wilson
Squire Hardcastle.....	Charles Guibor
George Hastings.....	Philip Davidson
Thomas.....	Miss Mary Williams
Stingo.....	Howard Wallace
Slang.....	Jo Hodges
Jimmie.....	Vira Calhoun
Matt Muggins.....	Edith Taylor
Tom Twist.....	Serita Howland
Aminadab.....	Edith Rhoads
Mrs. Hardcastle.....	Myrtle Haney
Miss Hardcastle.....	Evelyn Ross

Tony Lumpkins.....	Stanley Wilson
Diggory.....	Prof. Parks
Roger.....	Miss Myrtle Peck
Dick.....	Howard Wallace
Constance Neville.....	Norma Macdonald
Maid.....	Gertrude Cunningham

Bar maids, pot boys, servants, etc.

Characters in Class Chorus and Hunting Drill: Hope Coy, Sibyl Kyes, Grace Bigford, Joanna Bishop, Fay Easterday, Annette Hitchcock, Mabel Howard, Helen Holbrook, Bertha McCue, Gertrude Scott, Ethelyn Clark, Margaret Slater, Luella Rockhill, Loretta Salladay, Martha Stauffer, Lillian Preston, Naunerl Hill, Myrtle Peck.



"Don't you know your
doodle-de-dumpte?"

The play as a whole was well rendered; all the characters were well chosen and performed their parts excellently. The customary formal compliments of the professional newspaper art critic, therefore, may be dispensed with and merely a few striking aspects of the play noted.

Squire Hardcastle made a typical "Hinglishman," and with his charming Mrs. Hardcastle showed the true parental instinct in matrimonial intrigues. Miss Hardcastle "stooped very gracefully to conquer" Young Marlow, whose "Frankness" made him the victim of Tony Lumpkins, the vile villain of the play.

Goldsmith, the author of the play, should have named it "She Stoops to Win," for there is very little of the real conquering spirit in it. The play would doubtless have deserved its original title, and would have been perhaps truer to nature, had Miss Hardcastle been given the very usual task of conquering another woman instead of the tame one of winning a man. With such a plot the spectator would not be so forcibly reminded of the "Deserted Village."



"May I do myself the honor of attending you?"



"Miss Neville! by all that's happy!"

The trained art critic may not agree in this view of the play, but the student of anthropology should be considered as well. The "ethnic results" of two such cults as the Boston School of Oratory and the Agricultural College of Ames, Iowa, were strikingly exhibited. Of this character, it must be said, the real art was manifest; for, it is said, the highest art is that which reveals no art. There was that locomotor ataxia, that uni lateral hemiplegia, that facial anesthesia and reflex aphasia which nothing but the highest art could possibly imitate.

Next to Diggory, one of the bar maids in the tavern scene deserves special mention. In her case the professional alienist would have discovered all the stigmata of degeneration, aphasia and locomotor ataxia being exceeding prominent symptoms.

DR. J. P. M.

TOM PINCH

On April 25th Miss Thomas presented in her matchless way the drama of "Tom Pinch," a comedy in three acts, dramatized from Charles Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." Having nine characters, six men and three women, makes it a difficult piece of interpretative work. However, Miss Thomas was, as usual, equal to the strong, noble, self-sacrificing character of Tom Pinch, the deceitful Pecksniff, a loyal Mark Tapley, and the womanly Mary Graham. She portrayed the meetings, misunderstandings and happy reunions with a vividness which peopled the drama most realistically. Miss Thomas' strong personality, her deep feeling, and her sense of humor make her peculiarly well adapted for interpreting such a drama as Tom Pinch. Always free and easy in her work she puts her audience in the very best attitude for thoro enjoyment.



The Nun's Priest's Tale

The most recent and effective method for instilling, once and forever, into the minds of the patient and long-suffering Juniors, the Dawn of the Dramatizing period in the English Literature, was that of compelling these innocent creatures to dramatize Chaucer's Nun's Priest's Tale. The following is only a portion of a sample—consider yourselves fortunate. Can you imagine a whole sample?

Dramatis Personae.

Chaunticleer	Cock
Pertelote	His Wife
Russel	Fox
Malle	Sheep
Colle	} Dogs
Talbot	
Gerland	
Cats, Pigs, Cow, Calf, Geese and Bees		
Mrs. Stoddourd	Poor Widow
Beathy	} Her Daughters
Maery	
Meltre	Young Workman

ACT I. SCENE I.

Living hall in widow's home. (Mrs. Stoddourd and Beathy sitting at a broken-down table in one corner by a box, eating scanty evening meal of bread and milk. Cock and hens eagerly waiting for crumbs. Cat and dogs fighting for the larger scraps. Pigs nosing around in search of food—one eating excelsior from an old upholstered couch, another making away with the ragged dingy curtains as far up as he can reach. Continuous action among animals during the following conversation.)

Beathy—Myn herte is sore afright. My sistres Maery is oute withe Waltre and spoken ful faire and fetishly, and ne'er give thoughts aboute our splendre meels.

Mrs. Stoddourd—But she is so charitable and piteous and has a tendre heart. She yete is verray young.

Beathy—At twenty yeer of age! It weren good, I guesse, if she be nat so gay.

Mrs. Stoddourd—She canne songs maken and well endite, juste and eek daunce and wel purtreie and write.

Beathy—Maery shoulde here be and not beside the grove nar stoudying in the dale.

Enter hurriedly Maery, whispers to mothers and sisters, and exits. They jump up immediately, feel anxiously at their hair and adjust their gowns—evidently to be more presentable—endeavor to drive animals out of room. In so doing Mrs. Stoddourd catches a button in the ragged table cloth, upsets bowls of milk and plates of bread; the cock, hens, cat, dogs and pigs hurry under table and crow, cluck, meow, bark and grunt in ecstasy to celebrate their impromptu feast. Beathy, in sheer desperation, drags a bed quilt from the adjoining room and throws it over the disheveled table, and in vain endeavor they try to drive the animals from the room.

Enter Maery, bringing in young workman Waeltre, about to introduce him to her mother and sister, who stand in front of the table making desperate efforts to conceal it and the animals; but, becoming aware of what has happened, Maery catches the embarrassed Waeltre by the arm and makes a hasty exit. The mother and daughter gesticulate angrily and then reluctantly follow. The animals, still happy over their recent "feed," arrange themselves comfortably for the night—Chaunticleer, Pertolote and his six other wives on perches. The lights should be gradually turned very low. The animals "sleep, sleep peacefully on" in almost total darkness.

Chaunticleer groans.

Pertolote (awaking him)—Oh, herte deere, what eyeleth you, to grone in this manner? Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame!

Chaunticleer—Madame, I pray yow, that ye take it not agrief; me mette (dreamed) I was in swich mischief right now, that yet myn herte is sore afraid. Me mette, how that I roamed up and down within our yerde, where as I saw a beest, was lyk a hound, and would han made arrest upon my body, and wolde han had me deed. His colour was betwixe yellow and reed; and tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres with black, unlyk the remenant of his heres; his snowte smal, with glowyng eyen tweye. Yet of his look for fere almost I deye; this caused me my gronyng, doutless.

Pertolote—Avoy, fy on yow, herteless! Allas! now han ye lost myn herte and al my love; I cannot love a coward, by my feith. For certes, what so any womman seith, we alle desiren if it myghte be to han housbondes hardy, wise and free and no nygard, ne no fool. Han ye no mannes herte, and han a berd? Allas! and conne ye been agast of swevenis (dreams)? Nothing, God wot, but vanitee, in sweven is. Lo Caton, which that was so wys a man, seyed he nat thus, ne do no fors of swevenis.

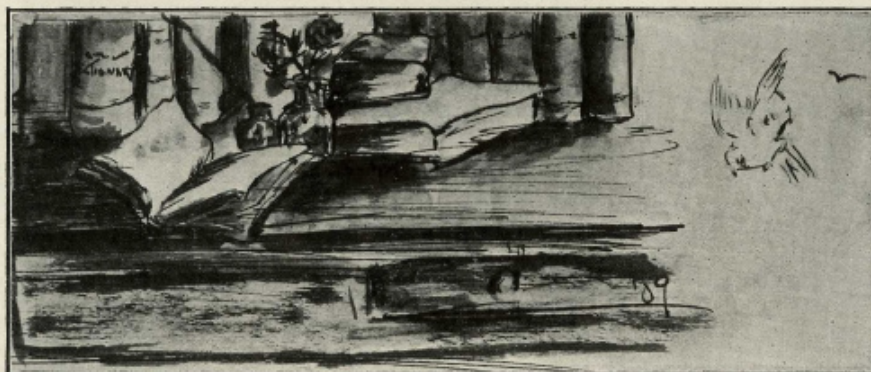
Chaunticleer—Madame, graunt mercy of your lore. But natheles, as touchyng daun Caton, that hath of wisdom such a gret renoun, though that he had no dremes for to dreed, men may in olde bokes rede of many men more of auctoritee than ever Caton was. So moot I thee that all the revers seyen of this sentence, and han wel founden by experience, that dremes ben significaciouns, as wel of joye as of tribulaciouns that folk endure in this lyf present. Ther nedeth make of this noot argument; the verray preve sheweth it in dede. (The lights should gradually be turned higher.) Now, Madame Pertolote, let us speke of mirthe, and stynte al this; so have I blis of one thyng God hath sent me large grace. For whan I see the

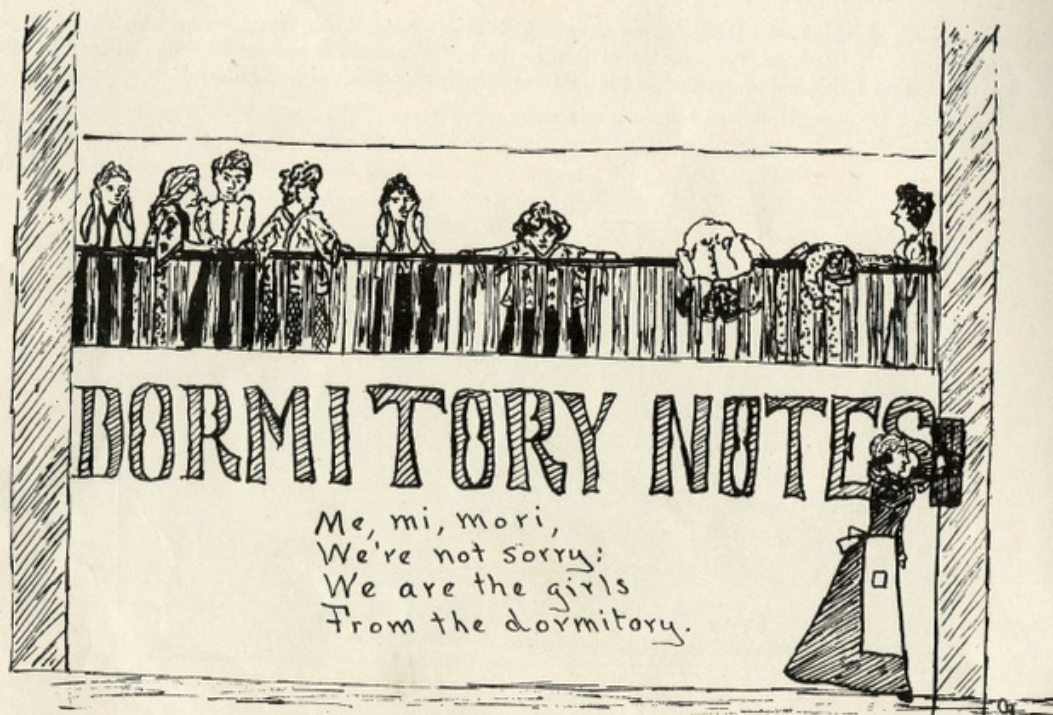
beutee of your face, ye been so scarlet reed about youre yen, it maketh al my drede for to dyen. For, also siker "In principio, mulier est hominis confucio." Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is, "Womman is mannes joye and al his blis. I am so ful of joye and of solas, that I defye al dremmes. (He flies down from his perch. Here follow.)

Exit Chaunticleer, crowing and followed by seven wives.

(Curtain.)

N. M.





THE FIRST event of the season was an informal reception given here for the young ladies by Mrs. Arthur and President and Mrs. Wilson. The rooms were prettily decorated, the dining room being especially "tasty." It afforded a pleasant opportunity for the girls to meet the people of the town, and was much enjoyed.

The opening dance was tendered by last year's blossoms to this year's buds. The grand march formed in the reception room and passed thru the hall to the dining hall, where dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. This was the first of a series of dances which has occurred during the year, among them being the Thanksgiving and Colonial affairs.

There is to be put on record, the memorable occasion on which the number of black suits exceeded that of the gowns. The increasing demand for spoon holders has been noted, and available corners have been fitted up with the latest improvements.

The number of fudge parties and sardine feasts had nothing to do with the jaundice epidemic which temporarily impaired the beauty of some of our fairest maidens.

Ask the girls who were locked up on the roof whether it was cool enough up there, and when they are going to wreak their vengeance on the wretches who perpetrated the dark and dastardly deed.

We wonder if those upon whom St. Peter locks the golden gate with the words, "Too Late," will feel as the girls do when they are locked out of the dining room at 7:05 a. m.

"OVER THE BANISTERS."

The uninitiated can have no idea of the delicious thrill caused by the ringing of visitors' bell after 7:30 p. m., nor the excitement with which the air in the upper hall is charged, finding expression in frenzied whispers of, "Who is it?" and "Who did he come to see?" and "Can't you peek?" That there is another side to this is only too well known to many a poor unfortunate wretch, who has innocently brought down upon his head the questioning glances from a dozen pairs of eyes over the banisters above.

One of the questions sent to Aunt Mary's "Information for Innocent Ignoramuses" reads as follows:
"Why is the reception room usually occupied by no more than two, four or six on Sunday afternoons and evenings?"

When Mrs. Arthur finds out who stuffed the table bells and put salt in the sugar bowls on April Fool's Day, "There will be a hot time in the old town to-night."

Our house presidents for this year have been Frances Smith, Jessie Neilson, Cecil Peterson and Gertrude Schoeraffe.

Time: 8:30 p. m. on a school night.

Place: Dormitory.

A squelch bell breaks the peaceful, calm study hour. Thirty-nine pairs of lips simultaneously exclaim, "M-r-l-e H-n-y is on the rampage again!"

The jolliest affair just before Easter vacation was an informal party given us by Mrs. Arthur. At eight-thirty Tuesday evening, April tenth, we were called down stairs to the reception room, where a number of small tables with various card games awaited us. For an hour or so the night was made hideous by bursts of laughter. Then after doing ample justice to Mrs. Arthur's delicious "feed," we went up to bed like good little girls.

DORM GIRL.

DOWN STAIRS NOTES.

We belong to the Dorm, tho we are in the lower regions. Some of our sisters soaring above us on the upper floor think that because we cannot look over the banisters at the "young gallants" who call occasionally, we miss the fun; but on Fri-

day evenings, when books are laid aside and it is time for pleasure, we quietly get in a bountiful supply of "goodies." Then, way up into the wee hours of morning, you—if you should call at our rooms (as Mrs. Arthur does quite, often, not to squelch, of course)—you would find us seated around a delicious spread.

One comes to my mind while writing, so I will try to relate it.

It was a cold winter's night; we were seated around in a circle on the floor, almost lost to view among cushions, and wrapped in blankets; we sat devouring and thoroly enjoying some crackers and "hot tamalies." These we had seasoned with a few spicy jokes, experiences and stories that would make any young girl's heart turn green with envy; romances—oh, my! All this was topped off by a rich dish of fudge and taffy, softly (?) sung songs, and light-tapping footsteps leading up to the various doors of our quiet little nook.

I am sorry to say that everything has not had as joyful an ending as we have anticipated, for three of our fun-makers have left us, but fun is still flowing thru the veins of those who are left.



DORMATORY BANNER.



Alumni



CLASS OF 1892

Miss Maude Painter, now Mrs. G. d'Ablaing, is the only member of the Class residing in Ellensburg.

CLASS OF 1893

Miss Sarah O. Delaney, the wife of Prof. George Jenkins, of the public school, resides in Ellensburg, and is president of the Alumni Association. Miss Eugenia Painter, long Mrs. Henry Wager, also lives in the valley.

CLASS OF 1894

Mrs. James Ramsey, once Miss May Adams; Mrs. F. P. Wolff, formerly Miss Mamie Damman; and Mr. Harry W. Hale, attorney-at-law, represent the class of '94 in Ellensburg. Mr. C. H. Knapp, for three years principal of the Pomeroy public school, will leave for California at the close of the present school year.

CLASS OF 1895

Mrs. Connor, of Seattle, who at the time of graduation was Miss Ella Hatfield, has left the field of the pedagog to others and devotes her time to her family and to music. Mr. Douglas Ross is now teaching the public to see values in real estate in the city of Seattle, and finds the field of investment brokerage in a great and growing metropolis more attractive than the narrow confines of a school room.

CLASS OF 1896

The class of '96 consisted of sixteen members, fourteen girls and two boys, nearly all of whom are teaching and have made a good record in that profession. Three members, Carrie Steward, Mabel Riddell, and Nida Coyle are married and are now, respectively, Mrs. Satterwhite, Mrs. Short, and Mrs. Simmons. Members of the class of whom we have personal knowledge at present time are Nettie Galbraith and Genevieve Long, who are teaching in Walla Walla; Mabel Huggins, teaching in Tacoma, and Frankie Farnham, who for two years has been studying music at her Alma Mater.

CLASS OF 1897

The only member of the class of whom we have personal knowledge is Margaret Steinbach, one of the members of our beloved faculty. At the close of the present school year she will leave for a year's vacation with her sister at Matagolpa, Nicaragua.

CLASS OF 1898

The only member of the class residing in Ellensburg is Miss Cora Weaver, a teacher in the primary grades of the public school.

CLASS OF 1899

Mr. William W. Montgomery holds the position of superintendent of public schools at Olympia. From Edna Scott Gibbon, wife of Prof. H. A. Gibbon, of South Bend, we have the following reminiscence:

"The Class of Ninety-nine, I sing,
The Class of Ninety-nine.
We'll drink a cup of kindly cheer,
For the Class of Ninety-nine!"

How vividly these words recall the dear old days spent at Ellensburg! I wonder if all the "Ninety-niners" remember the first time we sang the above parody? How stealthily we climbed the attic stairs, and how fearful we were lest any stray members from some other class might hear us rehearsing for our Class Day exercises! It was then also that we composed our song:

"Where, oh, where is Principal Wilson?
Where, oh, where is Principal Wilson?
Where, oh, where is Principal Wilson?
Gone to the Faculty Meeting!
He went up on a Course of Study,
He went up on a Course of Study,
He went up on a Course of Study,
Up to the Faculty Meeting!
His last words were: 'Well—I'll think about it!'

Where, oh, where is J. H. Morgan?
Where, oh, where is J. H. Morgan?
Where, oh, where is J. H. Morgan?
Gone to the Faculty Meeting!
He went up on planes and angles,

He went up on planes and angles,
He went up on planes and angles,
Up to the Faculty Meeting!
His last words were: 'I wonder why?'

Where, oh, where is Mary A. Grupe?
Where, oh, where is Mary A. Grupe?
Where, oh, where is Mary A. Grupe?
Gone to the Faculty Meeting!
She went up on plans and methods,
She went up on plans and methods,
She went up on plans and methods,
Up to the Faculty Meeting!
Her last words were: 'But that's not the point.'"

What fun we used to have teasing the Elementary Class! And what a gloomy looking crowd they were on the day of their class picnic as they waited at the Dormitory for the hayrack that failed to appear! Of course they put on a bold air and bravely cried:

"We're all in file!
We're all in rank!
We press to the pivot,
And look to the flank!"

But we Seniors knew they didn't feel half so gay as they pretended to be.

Many of us "Ninety-niners" have changed our calling (in most cases to that of housewife); one member has been called to the Great Beyond; and the remainder are faithfully following their chosen profession. But no matter where we are or what we are doing we are still loyal to the dear Alma Mater and to the kind teachers who so wisely guided us.

For the sake of old times let us fancy ourselves back on the campus while our Class Sage wields a broom-stick and we lustily shout;

"Plato, Rosseau, Abelard,
Harris, Parker, Mann, Barnard,
Pestalozzi, Froebal, Rein,
W. S. N. S. '99!"

—Edna Scott Gibbon.

Mrs. Gibbon has gained considerable note by her writings for "The Coast Magazine."

CLASS OF 1900

Miss Lillian Corothers, now Mrs. E. J. Merriman, lives in Ellensburg. Herbert Addison Gibbon is principal of schools at South Bend; and Miss Catherine Anderson, principal of schools at Stanwood, since her graduation, where she has taught nine years.

CLASS OF 1901

Of the four Tacoma girls of the class, only one, Miss Ostrum, is still teaching in that city. Miss Myhan is in Ballard. Mrs. W. McDonald Mackey (Miss Stickney) is now living in Waitsburg, where Mr. Mackey is pastor of the United Presbyterian Church. Miss Kate McKinney and Miss Minnie Larsen are both doing successful work in North Yakima. Mr. Guilford Wilson is superintendent of schools in Roslyn. Mrs. Dullam (Miss Edna Dennis) is living in Bismarck, North Dakota, where her husband is a successful lawyer. Mrs. Hall (Miss Bay Wallis) now resides at Snoqualmie, her husband being connected with the Power Company there. Miss Grindrod is still teaching in Roslyn. Miss Lewis has given up teaching and taken up the profession of nursing.

CLASS OF 1902

Miss Florence Wilson is attending the University at Seattle. H. F. Blair holds the position of County Superintendent of Kittitas County.

CLASS OF 1903

William Osburne is principal of schools at Orting; and W. L. McClure is attending the medical school of the Northwestern University in Chicago.

CLASS OF 1904

Kathrine E. Hoffman is teacher in the public schools here. Miss Verna Smith is now Mrs. Guilford Wilson of Roslyn. Miss McCurdy is still in the Seattle schools; Miss Robinson, at Everett; and Miss Reid, at Tacoma. Stephen J. Harmeling, director of athletics and principal of High School at Vashon, has just been elected superintendent of all Vashon Island schools.

CLASS OF 1905.

The present date finds all members of the class of '05, except one, teaching. Miss Stella Anderson has the distinction of being the only member who has not yet joined the ranks. She may be forgiven, however, as she is further preparing herself at the University of Oregon, at Eugene.

A very large percentage of the class found positions in their home schools. Those teaching away from their own homes are: Miss Helen Hardy, who is at Cle Elum; Miss Rose Stauffer, Lester; Mr. Stanley Atwood, Ballard; Mr. Frank C. Wilson, Roslyn, principal of Grammar Schools; Miss Myrtle Cochran, Deer Harbor; Mr. Courtney Poage, principal of Georgetown High School; Miss Jeanette Twynman, at the Marysville High School; and Miss Victoria Du Vall, at Cle Elum. Ellensburg claims Miss Lucile Davis, known as the "Baby of the '05 Seniors."

Tho the '05's are thus scattered about, they are still The Class of '05. A class letter which was started during last vacation has completed one round trip, and we hope is near the completion of another. It has not been possible to have a full roll-call since last June, but we have enjoyed two partial reunions since then. Early in the fall the members who are teaching in Tacoma planned a reunion. Misses Twynman, Rowley, Youngs, Miller, Lester, Nachtsheim and Peterson, and Messrs. Atwood and Poage were together and enjoyed a good old '05 day. During the State Teachers' Association, North Yakima proved the scene of another happy reunion. The Misses Karrer, Quigley, Twynman, Clarke, Stauffer, Meritt, Cochran and Du Vall, and Mr. Poage, were present.

A large number of the class are looking forward to attending the Commencement Exercises this year. Several have found it quite impossible to remain away from the windy little burg a year, and have found their way back to spend a few days and return to their schools with new inspiration.

L. PETERSON.

Messrs. Stanley Atwood of Ballard and Frank C. Wilson of Roslyn spent their Thanksgiving vacation in Ellensburg and attended the football game on Thanksgiving Day. Miss Helen Hardy of Cle Elum attended the Gibbs-Wells-Lewys Concert at the Normal. Miss Dorothy Miller of Tacoma spent three days in Ellensburg during the latter part of March. Misses Nachtsheim, Peterson and Du Vall visited Ellensburg during Institute Week. Mr. Stanley Atwood spent his spring vacation in Ellensburg.



IN THE center pigeon-hole of the lower shelf of the book rack at the right of the library door, will be found the exchanges from eighteen or twenty institutions of learning from our own state and neighboring states, as well as from some farther east. Some are very artistic; some not so artistic, but up-to-date publications; some are nicely gotten up but are spoiled by the use of poor paper. This fact is very noticeable in the case of the Normal Messenger from Bellingham; the cuts are spoiled by being printed on a poor quality of paper.

The Tahoma, from the Tacoma High School, is probably the most frequently consulted of all the exchanges. It is of great interest to the Tacoma girls of the W. S. N. S.

The Spring Number of the Acroano, from Miss Hake's School at Rochester, N. Y., contains an excellent cut of their basket-ball girls.

Purple and Gold, of Lewiston High School, had better change its name, as only two numbers of this year's publication show any trace of purple or gold. Issue of January 15 has scarlet cover with black letters.

The Normal Messenger says, "We have been on the lookout for the Outlook but thus far we have looked in vain." Keep on looking, Messenger; it's coming next year; too busy with the year book this year.

White and Gold, from the State Normal School at San Diego, Cal., is a very attractive paper.

The Orange and Black, from the Spokane High School, is a good, up-to-date paper. March number contains an excellent story entitled "Greater Love Hath No Man." January number contains a good description of the Senior Class Play, "Mr. Bob." The description and cuts were very interesting, especially to members of the Crescent Literary Society, who themselves presented the play here this year.

The Pioneer's cover design could be improved by throwing a few shovelfuls of earth around the roots of their trees. In Kittitas Valley, the trees would have blown over onto the school-house if not more securely anchored.

March number of the Normal Messenger contains an article entitled "Is the Normal the Place for a Young Man?" which is especially interesting to the Normal boys.

The Christmas number of the Maroon says: "We wish to extend our sympathy to the Senior Class of the Bellingham State Normal School. The following tells of their luck:

"Little we ask, for our wants are few,
Our one great want is now well known—
Just one very plain little boy will do,
A boy we can call our own."
Very singular, but our Senior Class has the same luck.

FROM OTHER NORMALS

Prof. E. T. Mathes, of the Bellingham State Normal School, has favored us with the following facts concerning his school at the present time.

"The present school year has been one of the most pleasant and satisfactory in the history of the Bellingham State Normal School. The enrollment exceeds that of last year, both in the training department and in the Normal School. The present Senior Class numbers forty-eight, while seventy young people claim allegiance to the Junior banner. The total number in all classes of the elementary courses exceeds two hundred.

The most important material improvements of the past year include the enlargement of the Normal dining hall, and the erection of a large greenhouse. The regular work of the school has been augmented by the organization of an economic club, and a dramatic society. Each is doing strong work.

The Young Men's Debating Club is also doing excellent work.

The First National Bank of the City of Bellingham has offered two cash prizes to be contested for in declamation and debate. Much interest is centering in these contests.

The annual school picnic will be held this year at Glacier, near the foot-hills of Mount Baker. A special train of five coaches has been chartered for the occasion. The school year closes June seventh."

Prof. E. D. Rissler of the State Normal School at Monmouth, Oregon, has favored us with a copy of the catalog of the State Normal and also of the Courier, the student paper published there. Prof. Swains of the Montana State Normal College at Dillon, Montana, also sent us a copy of their catalog.

Prof. George H. Black of the Idaho State Normal School at Lewiston, Idaho, besides sending us a catalog of their school, furnished us some information. He writes: "During the past year a new training school addition to the main building has been erected and equipped at a cost of \$30,000. This building has been occupied since Feb. 1st. A kindergarten and a department of manual training will be established at the opening of next session. Miss Ingersoll, who has been in California on leave of absence for one year, will return to take charge of the latter department.

Miss Aurelia Henry, of the department of English, will return to resume her work in the department after an absence of one year for study in Europe.

The Lewiston State Normal is just closing its most successful year and its outlook for the future is unusually bright."

Prof. J. F. Millspaugh, of the State Normal School at Los Angeles, California, has favored us with a catalog of the school.

Owing to Prof. H. M. Shafer's attendance at the Inland Empire Teacher's Association, we were unable to obtain any news from the Normal School at Cheney. Their Exchange Editor was to have furnished us with some items, but (probably on account of lesson plans) she has not done so, and we must go to press without them.



It is feared that the Senior Class will not have a class flower this year for commencement. The class is about evenly divided. Half of the girls want violets and the rest want orange blossoms.

If you want anything announced in Assembly, call on the Wilson twins.

Bright Student (to Et——, who is noted for her frankness)—What will you do if you cannot be frank?

E——.—I'll be as near frank as possible, you bet.

Prof. W—— (in Assembly after listening to a miserable roll-call)—Well, the Third Year Class is all in.

Prof. M——.—If my answer was a great way off from my forecast, I would conclude it was right.

It has been seen by the blackboard in Room 14 that the Plane Geometry Class has been studying "hymogolous angles." Some of the more advanced classes would be glad to have a definition for such an angle.

Teacher (to little Training School boy)—But why do you say you don't like your country?

Little Boy—O, I do like it all right, but I like Seattle better.

Everything in Commercial Geography explained "in detail" by Prof. P——.

Scholars do not sigh or yawn in Biology Class. Dr. M—— says he dislikes very much to hear such sounds.

Grasshopper sat on a sweet-tater vine, Sweet-tater vine, sweet-tater vine; Doctor Munson come a-slipping up behind

And yanked him off that sweet-tater vine

And put him in a bottle of medicine.

Junior (to Kindergarten child about one hour late)—You had better hurry or your teacher will not like it.

Little Child—It don't make any difference if we are late. They don't do anything to us.

(Training School boys about their new teacher, Mr. G——.)

First Boy—O, here comes Mr. Snowball.

Second Boy—No, his name isn't Snowball, it's Guiball.

How-do-you-do, Mr. Guiball?

Editor's Second Assistant (reading manuscript of editorials)—What do you think of a person who would hand in such an untidy paper?

Editor (blushing)—We have no time to criticise now.

Assistant (turning to Dr. H——)—Doesn't that look awful?

Dr. H——.—Very bad.

Assistant (seeing editor's embarrassment and recognizing the hand writing) stammeringly—The thot is a-a-a-a very good tho.

Junior (studying Milton's life)—I think Elizabeth Minshull was very foolish to marry Milton when he was old and had lost his sight.

Another Junior—It seems to me that Milton was the one who rushed into it blindly.



Miss P—— (in decorative art)—
All kinds of decoration have their special value. Take a vase, for instance, with a Cupid on the side of it—now what do you suppose a Cupid could be doing on the side of a vase?

Prof. P—— (in geography class)
—Does any one know anything about Mr. Chapman?

Girls, in concert—He's sick.

Bertha Mc—— (discussing veins)
—My brother used to have veins.

Ruth always asks questions to which she herself cannot see the point.

Elsie (discussing pork in com. geog.)
—The hogs are then sent to the cooler.

Miss R—— drops in occasionally to help us in our lessons.

Soph. (in nature study)—Dr. M——, my tad-poles have died three times.

Course in Domestic Economy may be had in the Kindergarten.

Miss Jessie will never get mifty,
She's gentle and kindly and thrifty;
She loves pumpkin pies, and never makes eyes,
But then she is seven and fifty.

Wake up Seniors! Don't force the Juniors to set off alarm clocks to keep you awake.

Found around town—A lovely Franklin Touring Carr. If you want to borrow it for a while get Miss West's permission.

Keep it up, Gene, "faint heart never won fair lady."

It doesn't make any difference how warm a day it is, Sadie always looks as tho she had just been visited by Jack Frost.

Wanted: A smile like Lee's.

Miss S—— (in Greek History)—
And after this Periander died.

Miss W—— (not understanding the above)—And what became of him then?

Miss S—— (confusedly)—I-I-I don't know.

What makes Prof. W—— yawn when Miss T—— talks to him? Atmosphere.

Little Tacoma Girl, whose parents were about to move to Seattle, saying her prayers—Now good bye God, we're going to Seattle.

In psych. (talking of having knowledge and keeping it to one's self).

Ruth—Well one can't keep anything like that tho, can he?

S. W. (in Geography)—And they shipped hay into the starving cattle of Montana.

Miss T. (to expression class)—I hope you may all live to be grandmothers some day. The floor did not open to let Mr. Lantis thru.

Dr. M. (in Biology)—Mr. T——, can you name the theories of evolution?

Mr. T.—Why, yes, I know them all.

Dr. M.—Very well, name the one you have read the most about.

Mr. T.—The one I am most familiar with is the theory of reformation.

G. H. (addressing a crowd of girls)
—Do any of you girls know when Miss Br—— is going home?

Mr. Mac (immediately steps forward)—Miss Br—— will be home in a few minutes.

MT. TACOMA VS. MT.
RAINIER.

G. L. (after animated discussion)
—Now you can either call it Mt. Tacoma or there's the door.

L. B. (rising)—Well I shall not say Mt. Tacoma. BANG!!!!

For Sale—A large stock of patent medicines. Must go at once regardless of cost; a marvelous cure for bashfulness. See Henry G——.

Energy to Give Away—Go to Louis T——.

Stanley's Pet Slang Words—How! Land!!

Ask Caddie L—— to tell you about her father's goat farm and why she has the privilege to "butt in."

Definition for a Dude—A dude is a thing that parts its hair and its name in the middle, that would like to be a woman and because it cannot tries to show the world that it's anything but a man.—Beauchamp.

HISTORY TREASURES

Mt. Vesuvius took action in 74 A. D. and buried Herculaneum.

The men carry fans as well as the women and are not allowed to have more than one wife.

They found it snowing hard and Mr. Peters and his two daughters—.

But before they were through all were killed and injured because the scythes were so sharp.

The giant bought a sheep and ordered that Ulysses be tied underneath it, and then in a week he was to be eaten. This was done, but in some way Ulysses managed to escape and began to reach home again.

ENGLISH TREASURES

His brow is not at all wrinkled for a man who has written so much poetry.

He had white teeth set in two rows.

If it is too cold for you in Ellensburg, I would advise you to go to the Philippines, where, I am told, the sun is 135 degrees in the shade.

Junior (to Miss Williams after she had returned from a two weeks' visit home)—Mary, was there any sickness in the family?

Mary—Yes, lovesickness. Brother got married.

Prof. Wilson (in Psychology Class)—Your examination papers that you handed in remind me of a story about a man who insisted that every sentence was a story. In that case your papers were good stories and true ones.

Miss Proudfoot (in art)—I am sure you do not realize what an important part women have played in our civilization. They are even said to have invented language.

Stanley—I don't doubt that a particle.

Prof. Wilson (in Psychology, in speaking of things reminding one of the past, just as the twelve o'clock whistle blew)—Of what does that whistle remind you?

Student—Ten minutes more of this.

Miss Proudfoot (in art)—Class, what kind of an angle do Stanley's feet form?

Bright Junior—A-cute angle.

Didn't F. E. and N. M. get their hair mixed at the last dorm dance?

Little Boy in Third Grade (when their room got the banner for not whispering)—We got the banner because teacher didn't catch us whispering.

HEARD IN THE JUNIOR PLAY

"Were you not told to drink freely, to call for what you thot good for the fit of the house?"

"I leave you to your hapitations on your pretty bar maid."

"I must remain content with slight appropriation of imputed merit."

Haste makes you red in the face.

It's quite convenient to wear hair-ribbons big enough to substitute for forgotten belts.

We understand that three members of the faculty who are constituted somewhat alike, are to spend their summer vacation in Africa.

Student (to Mrs. Wa——r, who is hurrying to meet a friend)—Why, Mrs. W——, you must be trying to catch a train!

Mrs. W.—Worse than that, girls, I'm trying to catch a man.

Study the color and size of books, that you may be able to recognize them when mentioned in class.

Dr. M. (after showing by drawing, how bacteria attack and pierce the fibers of the fly)—Now that's enough to make any fly sick.

Teacher (to a little boy who had just had his hair clipped very short)—What's the matter, Roy?

Roy—Lowell's pulling my hair.

There was a young lady named Florer
Whose eyes shine like the Aurorer,
If she loves Mr. H—— as we have
been told,
There's no reason he should not adore
her.

Prof. W. (in psych.)—Class, do
you think that the peacock does possess
vanity and shows its tail to people for
admiration?

Mr. G.—Yes, I think so.

Miss C.—Well, I don't. Why, once
I followed a peacock around a park
for a whole afternoon and he wouldn't
spread his tail.

BASKET BALL.

I vent town to dot jymnaseum hall
To see dose girls blay basket ball;
Dey had no baskets dare at all;
Bud nailt ub high against dot vall
Vas an olt dip net, ya, dat vas all
Midout any handle or boddom ad all.

Yust den some girls mit funny gown,
Come running in, unt shump around;
Schlug eachoder, left unt right,
Undil dere hair yust look a fright;
Unt den, by yiminey, dey fell some
shame
Unt tinks they'd bedder go mit de
game.

Dot Elsi Des Voigne, she took dot ball
Unt drows at dot tings up on her vall,
Unt ven it vent in und falls down drue,
You neffer did hurt such a hall-a-balloo
Unt den dot basket ball game vas drue.

CARL.

For many days the gym class girls
Marched into class like this,



Lost—A walking stick, belonging to
a man with a curiously shaped head.

Wanted: By the rest of the boys
of the school, a black horse and a rub-
ber-tired buggy.

[We advise the rest of the boys to
ask for *large* buggies, as quantity as
well as quality of applicants for trans-
portation must be considered.]

Dr. H.—What is an episode?

Student—It's a small portion of a
great portion of something.

In History Paper—The Greek tribes
all worshiped together and each clam
worshiped their ancestor.

C. G. and F. W. have already got
their hair cut three times since Xmas.

Till anger roused Miss Thomas to
On some rule insist.

Don't let me see you any more,
Not a member of this class,
Come in without your bloomers on
As you've done in the past.

Perhaps this will explain to you
Why the next time at the gym,
Our boys appeared in such a garb
That made us all to grin.

JEER.





Training School

Dear Teachers:
Into your hands do these children fall;
See that you guide them well, one and all.

Take the advice of those gone before,
Or it's well you don't enter the Normal door.

When taking children out for a stroll
along pleasant by-ways, be sure to
have them well roped together.

"Train up the children in the way
they should go," and walk that way
yourself occasionally.

If you want to have a good atmosphere for work, just go to the theater one night to hear such a play as "The Fires of St. John"; get up in the morning in time to swallow a few mouthfuls of breakfast after jumping into your togs; run all the way to assembly to hear such songs as, "All for the Sake of Society," or "Tell Mother I'll Be There." Then walk supremely into the school room. You'll have your atmosphere.

Don't stand before your children and say: "Let's all fold our hands now and sit up straight." You are telling them something that you have no intention of doing.

Avoid draughts in the school room by all means. Liquid, airy, illegal or legal ones.

Do not allow the children to become too well acquainted with you. Lead them to believe that you are somebody whether you are or not.

Always keep the hole where the ink well belongs empty so that the children may have some place to put pencil shavings and waste paper.

Guard against the children's eating too much. A half a sweet potato, an orange and perhaps a banana are quite a sufficiency for a lunch.

Lay not your hands (not feet) on training school children. It will hurt you worse than it will hurt them.

Teach your children to lie, for we were told in the Normal that lying is an art and should be taught in our public schools.

Much more advice could be given; however, "A word to the wise is sufficient."





Harry S. Elwood

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Teacher (in Geometry): "When two faces coincide, what is formed?"
Pupil (blushing): "Why, er-r-r I don't know."

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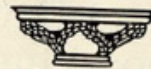
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Lives of football boys remind us, that they write their names in blood,
And departing leave behind them half their faces in the mud.

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"The barn?" "Naw, Billy."

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